CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

S. K. L. AND G. E. E., EDITORS PRO TEM. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1844. VOL. XXIII.—NO. 17.

CORRESPONDENCE OF A. U. A.

QUINCY, (Ill.,) April 2, 1844.

Rev. CHARLES BRIGGS,

My Dear Sir: * * * On Sunday last I preached at Warsaw to very good congregations. Our friends in that place are very desirous of having regular preaching, and, as an essential preliminary step, of having a church in which to hold their meetings. There is at present but one church in the town, owned by the Presbyterians. It is but a mere shell of a building, uncomfortable and unpleasant to worship in. This town is situated near the foot of the lower Rapids on the Mississippi River, 35 miles above Quiney. It has a population of about 600, is an excellent location for a town, being situated directly opposite the mouth of the Des Moisnes River, and having a good landing and an extensive back country. It is already an important business point, and must eventually make quite a town. There has been considerable talk recently, among the Unitarians, about building a church. They say they can raise from five to seven hundred dollars for this object, and propose to commence building at once if they can procure some aid from the East. Cannot some three or four hundred dollars be sent them from some of our Eastern societies? Several of our friends in W. are originally from Worcester County, Mass., and I have thought of proposing the matter of aiding them in their noble endeavor to some society in that County, perhaps brother Hill's. Shall not their efforts be seconded, and they be encouraged to go on? I doubt not you will say *yea*, and that our brethren at the East will respond *amen*. When a church is once erected at that place, it may become the head-quarters of one of our preachers, who may labor in Warsaw one-half of the time, and in some neighboring places where his services would be earnestly desired, the other half. At present I shall take Warsaw under my charge, and hope to preach there as often as once a month. I go there as a missionary of the Society for propagating the Gospel, and I am always glad to see among my hearers persons of various religious denominations. This is truly missionary ground. During the past winter, they have had preaching not more than half of the time, of any denomination. There is a general desire on the part of the people to have regular services on the Sabbath, and I know of no place where good feeling would be productive of greater results than Warsaw.—The field is ready to the harvest, and I pray that the Lord may soon send forth some faithful laborer to gather it.

Sometimes I cannot but ask myself, are our friends at the East doing their duty to the West, when the whole vast territory of Iowa with its rapidly increasing population, has not a single Unitarian preacher within its borders? Shall our Orthodox brethren at the East send out eleven missionaries in one band to speed the Gospel throughout the Territory, and shall the Unitarians never send one? I do hope that our heavenly Father will endue some of our young men with the self-sacrificing spirit, and send them out on this mission.

As to my own society, I have but a word to say. I trust that we are all entering more and more deeply into the spirit of Jesus. Our Sunday School is doing much good, and especially among the poor children of the town. We have now *fourteen* religious societies in town, each having its Sunday services, and each laboring to increase its numbers.

I wish we had some very brief tracts, containing a simple statement of Unitarian views, such as might be made on three or four pages.—Such tracts would be read by many in the West, who would not look into one of our larger tracts, and this might be the means of correcting erroneous impressions and opening the minds of many to our exalted views of truth.

Do write me soon whether you can do any thing, and, if so, how much, for our Warsaw friends.

With sincere respect, I remain
Your's in the faith of the Gospel,
GEORGE MOORE.

For the Register.

LETTER FROM LOWELL.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I had the pleasure of preaching last Sabbath in Tyngsboro'. This place is situated on the Merrimack River, and lies between Lowell and Nashua, N. H. It is a small but pleasant town. The inhabitants are mostly engaged in agricultural pursuits. The cars of the Nashua and Concord Railroad pass through this place. This road intersects with the Boston and Lowell, which makes the conveyance from Boston to Tyngsboro', quick and pleasant. The people of this town have of late established an academy, for the benfit of themselves, and also for such as may wish to avail themselves of an academical education from abroad. I understand that it is now enjoying the patronage of a good number from a distance. The principal is a Mr. Green, whose qualifications and attainments are highly spoken of by those who have been under his tuition. He is assisted by Mrs. Green. I would recommend those parents who are desirous of sending their children abroad, to go through a thorough course preparatory to entering college, &c., to avail themselves of the benefit of this institution.

There are three religious societies in Tyngsboro': namely, Unitarian, Baptist and Universalist. The two former have a stated ministry, the latter, I understand, have only occasional preaching. The Unitarian Society is the largest of the three. The minister of this Society is the Rev. Horatio Wood, whose labors are efficient and acceptable. Indeed the Society ought to think themselves highly blessed with the services of their respected pastor. His strong love of truth, of right and true piety, exemplified in his life, and which he would impress upon others, ought to win the esteem of all who are blessed with his ministrations.—There are a goodly number connected with the Sabbath School. I am informed by the pastor that the school had not yet been organized for the summer, and that the number of scholars that attend the summer term, exceed that of the winter. Therefore, I infer from that, that there are a large number favored with Sabbath School instruction. There is also connected with the school, a Bible class, under the direction of Mrs. Wood, made up of young ladies.

I rejoice to see so many holy influences emanating from this Zion, and all concentrating to one grand object, the improvement of the soul. The young, the middle-aged, the aged,—all engaged in the furtherance of the blessed Gospel. A reward awaits the faithful; may they, therefore, act in unison in the great work, and glorify the Gospel of the blessed God. E. J. G.

Lowell, April 15, 1844.

MR. WEBSTER'S ARGUMENT.

We have already made some extracts from the admirable speech of Mr. Webster, before the Supreme Court of the United States in the Girard will case. But as many of our readers may not have seen the whole speech, and as we verily believe in the truth which Mr. Webster has so ably and eloquently set forth—that an institution founded and conducted upon the principles by which the Girard College is to be managed, is not in any sense, legal or moral, a charity, a benefit and blessing to society—we transfer to our columns another passage. If that institution is to be sustained and perpetuated, we rejoice that there is to be transmitted to posterity with it, this strong protest against it, this faithful exhibition of its pernicious tendencies, if administered strictly in accordance with the provisions of the will.

'I have heretofore argued to show that the Christian religion—its general principles—must ever be regarded among us as the foundation of civil society. And I have thus far confined my remarks to the tendency and effect of the scheme of Mr. Girard (if carried out) upon the Christian religion. But I will go farther, and say that this school, this scheme or system, in its tendencies and effects, is opposed to all religions, of every kind. I will not now enter into a controversy with my learned friend about the definition of the word 'tenets,' being opinions or dogmas, or whatever you please. Religious tenets, I take it, and I suppose it will be generally conceded, mean religious opinions; and a youth that has arrived at the age of eighteen, who has no religious tenets, why then it is very plain that he has no religion. I do not care whether you call them dogmas, tenets, or opinions. If the youth does not entertain dogmas, tenets, or opinions, or opinions, tenets, or dogmas, on religious subjects, then he has no religion at all. And it is idle to pretend that he has. And this strikes at a broader principle than when you merely look at this school in its effect upon Christianity alone. Now, we will suppose the case of a youth of eighteen, who has just left this school, and has gone through an education of philosophical morality, precisely in accordance with the views and expressed wishes of the donor. He comes then into the world to choose his religious tenets. The very next day, perhaps, after leaving school, he comes into a court of law to give testimony as a witness. Sir, I protest that by such a system he would be disfranchised. He is asked, 'What is your religion?' His reply is, 'Oh, I have not yet chosen any; I am going to look round, and see which suits me best.' He is asked, 'Are you a Christian?' He replies, 'That involves religious tenets, and as yet I have not been allowed to entertain any.' Again, 'Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments?' And he answers, 'That involves sectarian controversies, which have carefully been kept from me.' 'Do you believe in the existence of a God?' He answers, that there are clashing doctrines involved in these things, which he has been taught to have nothing to do with; that the belief in the existence of a God, being one of the first questions in religion, he is shortly about to think of that proposition. Why, sir, it is vain to talk about the destructive tendency of such a system—to argue upon is to insult the understanding of every man; *it is mere, sheer, low, ribald, vulgar Deism and infidelity!* [Here the effect was almost electric, and some one broke out with applause, which was stopped] It opposes all that is in Heaven, and all on earth, that is worth being on earth. It destroys the connecting link between the creature and the Creator; it opposes that great system of universal benevolence and goodness that binds man to his Maker. *No religion till he is eighteen!* What would be the condition of all your families—of all our children—if religious fathers and religious mothers were to teach their sons and daughters no religious tenets till they were eighteen? What would become of their morals, their excellence, their purity of heart and life, their hope for time and eternity! What would become of all those thousand ties of sweetness, benevolence, love, and Christian feeling, that now render our young men and young maidens, like comely plants growing up by a streamlet's side—the graces and the grace of opening manhood—of blossoming womanhood! What would become of all that now renders the social circle lovely and beloved! What would become of society itself! How could it exist! And is that to be considered a charity which strikes at the root of all this; which subverts all the excellence and the charms of social life; which tends to destroy the very foundation frame-work of society, both in its practices and in its opinions! that subverts the whole decency, the whole morality, as well as the whole Christianity and government of society! No, sir; no, sir!

And here let me turn to the consideration of the question, 'What is an oath?' I do not mean in the variety of definitions that may be given to it, as it existed and was practised in the time of the Romans, &c., but an oath as it exists at present in our courts of law; as it is founded on a degree of consciousness that there is a Power above us that will reward our virtues or punish our vices. We all know that the doctrine of the English law is, that there must be in every person who enters court as a witness, be he Christian or Hindoo, there must be a firm conviction on his mind that falsehood or perjury will be punished, either in this world or the next, or he cannot be admitted as a witness. If he has not this belief, he is disfranchised. In proof of this, I refer your Honors to the great case of Ormichund against Barker, in Lord Chief Justice Willis's report. There this doctrine is clearly laid down. But in no case, a man that has no belief in future rewards and punishments, for virtues or vices, is allowed to be a witness, nor ought he to be. We hold life, liberty, and property, in this country, upon a system of oaths—oaths founded on a religious belief of some sort. And that system which would strike away the great substratum, destroy the safe possession of life, liberty, and property, destroy all the institutions of civil society, cannot and will not be considered as entitled to the protection of a court of equity. It has been said, on the other side, that there was no teaching *against* religion or Christianity in this system. I deny it. The whole testament is one bold proclamation against Christianity and religion of every creed. The children are to be brought up in the principles declared in that testament. They are to learn to be suspicious of Christianity and religion; to keep clear of it, that the youthful heart may not become susceptible of the influences of Christianity or religion in the slightest degree. They are to be told and taught that religion is not a matter for the heart or conscience, but for the decision of the cool judgment of mature years; that at that period when the whole Christian world deem it most desirable to instil into the tender and comparatively pure mind and heart of the child, ere the cares and corruptions of the world have reached and seared it, the chastening influences of Christianity—at that period, the child in this college is to be carefully excluded therefrom, and to be told that its influence is pernicious and dangerous in the extreme. Why, the whole system is a constant preaching against Christianity and against religion: and I insist that there is no charity, and can be no charity, in that system of instruction from which Christianity is excluded. I perfectly agree with what my learned friend says in regard to the monasteries of the old world, as seats of learning, to which we are all indebted at the present day. Much of our literature—almost all of our early histories, and a vast amount of literary treasure, was preserved therein, and emanated therefrom. But we all know that, although these were emphatically receptacles for learning of the highest order, yet they were always connected with Christianity, and were always conducted as schools of religious learning.

THE JEWS AT JERUSALEM.

'The Jews constitute, in every point of view, the most interesting portion of the population of the Holy City. I have already referred to the peculiar wretchedness of the quarter which they occupy upon the eastern part of Zion. The streets are the narrowest as well as the foulest, beyond all comparison, in Jerusalem. The houses are not only small, but in a more dilapidated condition than those occupied by Turks or Christians. I know not whether the street police devolves on the Mussulman authorities or upon the occupants of this particular region.—If to the former, the manifest neglect and abounding filth afford proof of their utter disregard and even contempt for this persecuted race. If it is by their own fault that the Jews dwell in the midst of such abominations, it must be taken as the highest evidence of the depth of their degradation, and they well deserve the retribution which is visited upon them in the forms of annual pestilence, and of the general abhorrence of their fellow-men. The offal of their slaughter pens is thrown down in the middle of the most frequented streets, and the pedestrian is liable every moment to step into pits full of putrid blood and mire, emitting, of course, the most horrible stench and reeking with plagues of all sorts. At the same time, the ground is so favorable to draining that the labor of half an hour with a spade would often be sufficient to dry up these pest holes and disinfect the poisoned atmosphere. It is commonly alleged, as an apology for these disgusting scenes, and for the almost universal neglect of personal and domestic cleanliness on the part of the Jews, that they are compelled to seek for protection against robbery and persecution under these degrading manifestations of poverty and wretchedness. There may be justice in this apology. Oppression has certainly had much to do in reducing this people to their present state of deep degradation. Still I can but suspect that these effects of the persecutions and contempt to which Jews have so long been subjected have become efficient, if not principal causes in perpetuating prejudices and impositions, which, in these days of increasing intelligence and political melioration, have everywhere, even under Turkish and Egyptian misrule, a tendency to decay.

The Israelites now resident in Jerusalem constitute two distinct classes. The first is composed mostly of Spanish and Portuguese Jews, the largest number of whom are natives of the city, and all, or nearly all, natives of the East. They are descendants of Jews who were banished from Western Europe by the successors of Charles V. A considerable share of the trade of Jerusalem is carried on by them; and their dress and general appearance indicate the possession of a certain measure of competence, though never of affluence. I took every opportunity to obtain information with regard to their real condition, and had reason for concluding that even these, the most favored class of Jews, are generally poor. Scarcely any of even their richest merchants possess capital to the amount of two or three thousand dollars. They, however, have some degree of industry and a hold upon the little business which exists in Jerusalem; and they are in the habit of relying upon themselves rather than upon the scanty as well as degrading resources of charity. I visited their synagogue in company with a converted Prussian Jew, well acquainted with the condition and character of his compatriots in the holy city, and was gratified at the general appearance of some, though certainly a very low measure of comfort and self-respect in their dress, as well as in the style, furniture, and condition of their place of worship. The congregation is divided into four parts, though all meet in the same synagogue. The dearness and scarcity of timber have led to the fashion of forming the roofs of even public edifices by arches of masonry, four or five of which, such was the unskilfulness of the architect, were necessary to cover this humble temple; and four separate rooms for worship, of corresponding dimensions, were occupied, at the time of my visit, by very small and rather indevout congregations. I was much impressed, however, as I always am in a synagogue, with the profound respect shown for the Book of the Law. It is preserved in a case of wood—an ark my companion called it—behind a splendid curtain of velvet. Several grave and venerable rabbins went in a company to remove it to the reading desk. The whole assembly rose, and before the reading of the lessons, the sacred parchment, covered with a white cloth, was carried around to be reverently kissed by the worshippers. In reading, the rabbi who officiated pointed to the line with a silver stylus. Every look and motion connected with this part of their worship was expressive of the profoundest reverence. In reading the Pentateuch, the rabbi and congregation bowed their heads very low at the occurrence of every emphatic word—indeed, of almost every word, the better to mark and impress upon their minds its solemn import. This practice, as will readily be conceived, gives a peculiar appearance to the assembly.

The rabbins of this synagogue are, as I was informed, unlearned men, quite destitute even of the peculiar literature of their own religion. The state of general intelligence may be inferred from the fact that the boys study the Hebrew in their schools only far enough to enable them to use the letters and pronounce the words of the language, of the meaning of which they remain through life profoundly ignorant.

The Polish and German Jews, who are numerous at this time in Jerusalem, constitute a distinct and, apparently, very inferior class.—They have abandoned their native country for the purpose of laying their bones in the land of their forefathers, and are certainly the refuse of the Jewish population at home. They are destitute of property or employment, and wholly dependant on charity for their means of subsistence. Many would gladly return to Europe, but they lack the means, and are, moreover, deterred from making the attempt by the disgrace always incurred by such a measure in the eyes of their brethren, who suspect them of infidelity to their religion, and denounce them as spies who bring up an evil report from the promised land.

Their synagogues are poor, mean, dirty places, and I have not seen a religious assembly which exhibited so many marks of poverty and degradation. The Polish Jews are decidedly the worst-looking class of this usually handsome race. A great many of them have yellow or sandy beards, which are permitted to grow in the Eastern style, with little care for trimming or cleansing. Their costume is about half Oriental and half European—a tattered, flowing robe, often made of black silk, with threadbare, greasy trousers, and a slouching, broad-brimmed wool hat. They spend a large part of their time in the synagogue, having nothing else to do.—Their devotions are characterised by much apparent earnestness and fervor. I saw a good many Hebrew books, much worn and very dirty, in all parts of the synagogues. The boys are trained in a measure of Hebrew learning.—They are loud in the public worship, bending their heads very low, and more vehemently than their seniors, and pronounce the responses upon a higher key

The general character of the Jews here for honesty and morality is proverbially bad, which is no matter of wonder when we consider the unkindness of their circumstances. The government does not oppress them, though it is commonly very indifferent and tardy in redressing their grievances. They suffer a good deal from the contempt in which they are held by the Mohammedan, no less than by the Christian population. It is no very unusual thing, for instance, as I was told by my Jewish friend, for a Turk who imagines that one of these Israelites walks too mincingly, or figures a little too pompously in his way to the synagogue, to compel him to stop in his robes and carry some filth out of the street.—[Dr. Olin's Travels in the East.

FREE COMMUNION.

If admitting those to eat with us whom we believe to be in error is sanctioning their errors, then to be consistent we should cease from eating with any of them. But if eating with those differing with us in sentiment, is not sanctioning their supposed errors, then I know not how any one can reject others from the table for mere difference of opinion. No man can say positively that he is right in all of his opinions: therefore if we sit in judgment to exclude others for opinion's sake we might with the same degree of propriety exclude ourselves also. All are fallible, and if fallible, we cannot help but be wrong in some things; consequently it is folly to require perfection in others, or to make our own opinions the test of fellowship and communion.

If correct doctrines are the test of communion, I know not how any one denomination can consistently commune with another which is not of their own faith. And here the question might be asked. What denomination is without errors in doctrine? There are some three hundred different sects, each having a creed of its own—each differing from all the rest; the consequence is that only one among them can be deemed right. How strange then it is that many of them with their conflicting creeds, do commune together, and yet unite in prohibiting a band of believers from celebrating the Lord's death together with them who have no creed but the Bible. They surely cannot find any fault with the Christians' creed—the Bible—as they all profess to take theirs from it. Now as those who have no creed but the Bible, embrace the source from which the creeds of all the others are professedly derived, I should suppose that none of them would refuse such a place at the table. As they have the Primitive creed, from which the others are taken, they must consequently be the most orthodox.

[Primitive Christian.

ADDRESS OF THE LONDON PEACE CONVENTION.

Friends and Brethren,—We will not suppose you to be indifferent to the question which has often hitherto, and especially in the last few years, drawn the attention of many wise and good men, whether the practice of war among mankind be consistent with social morality, personal virtue, and our supreme obligations to the infinite God. We also believe it to be a not unreasonable assumption that many of you have impartially considered the rational and scriptural arguments which have been abundantly laid before the world, in proof of the negative side of that position. From the days of apostolic Christianity to the present hour, the truth has been declared, that war and genuine religion are irreconcilable opposites. During several centuries, it was almost entirely lost sight of; until in the year 1510, Erasmus again called the attention of Christians to it. A few who, in that age, held the same sentiment were trampled upon, and slow was the progress of conviction through the clouds of almost universal prejudice. The general habits of mind and action were perverted by the glare of military glory, the ambition of rulers and conquerors, and the selfish schemings of statesmen. Among religious men themselves, keen debate on primary theological doctrines too much engrossed time and attention; so that this point of evangelical morals was very blamably overlooked, as were some others of no little importance to the integrity and consistency of the Christian system. Erroneous views of the peculiar nature of the Old Testament dispensation, and of the design and extent of the Mosaic law, had a large share in producing and fostering the approbation of war; as they also had of the assumed rights of governments to enact and inflict the penalty of death for whatever crimes they might choose so to punish. The inveteracy with which those opinions were held, is a distressing exhibition of human weakness, and may diminish our surprise that the unchristian character of all war was not earlier and more clearly perceived. Scattered individuals, at all times, had glimpses of this great moral principle; but after we quit the early ages of Christianity, we do not find that any distinctive class or denomination of Christians has raised up its voice against this gigantic evil, till the rise of the society of Friends in our own country, and but two centuries ago; except partially in the case of the Moravians or United Brethren. It is reserved for Peace Societies, in our own times, to unmask this evil, and invite general attention to the pacific character of Christianity.

We have called war a *gigantic* evil; but we might have used language more awfully strong; for it may be justly asked, Is there a sin against God or man which the practice of war does not, directly or by acknowledged consequence and established usage, include, concentrate, and aggravate? Under the bewitching array of gorgeous dresses, beauty and order in manœuvres, soul-stirring music, admirable applications of science, and patriotism falsely so called, the *military system* covers over a dark and unfathomable pit of crime and misery.

Is it a sin to lie and deceive, in word or action? Stratagem is an essential part of the science of war. The operations of a campaign include all manner of contrivances for the denial of truth and the accrediting of falsehood. To 'deceive the enemy' is sought and practised, and is even lauded, as wise and virtue.

Is it a sin to plunder, steal and rob? The storm of war falls with ruthless desolation upon the property of a country,—the houses and fields, and other possessions of the unoffending inhabitants. The sustenance of life is, by violence, taken from them; and what cannot be consumed or wasted at once, is often wantonly destroyed, for the express purpose of insuring the greatest amount of misery to thousands, and eventually millions, of our fellow men. Thus, besides the lawless sacking of cottages and mansions, barns, and manufactories, and machinery, to restore which would cost the revenue of kingdoms, there is inflicted upon children and women, the aged and infirm, a variety and an amount of private suffering which words cannot describe.

Is murder a sin? Who can, in thought, realize the actions of the battle-field, and conceive of them as free from that guilt? Do not the lines of a late Bishop of London (Dr. Porteous) express the honest truth? Men have been taught

'To make a death which nature never made.
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. One murder made a villain;
Millions, a hero.'

Is chastity, in all its modes and connexions, indispensable to a virtuous character? Who can be ignorant that its violation, in all ways, usually attends the progress of an army; and that the giving up of the females of a sacked town is often the avowed reward conceded to the soldiery?

Does religion consist of love to the most holy God, and its subordinate but inseparable quality, cordial benevolence to men? Is it then possible for sincere love either to God or man to dwell in my heart, while I am contriving and laboring to take away from my fellow-man the life to which he has the same right that I have to mine? Can I be guiltless in the matter? Can I put off my responsibility; and can it be taken up by generals and admirals, statesmen and sovereigns? Will such a transfer be admitted at the bar of Divine judgment?

But we must check this line of thought. If any entertain the slightest doubt of its *perfect* propriety, we refer them to the publications, small and large, of Peace Societies; and we are guilty of no arrogance when we say that the arguments have not been, and cannot be answered. If among so many treatises, the writer of this paper may be allowed to point out one, without the slightest disparagement to the works of Mr. Joseph John Gurney, Mr. Macnamara, and others, he would mention the late Mr. Dymond's Inquiry into War, especially the American edition of 1843.

We then appeal to all classes and orders of men, and especially to those who possess the means of instructing and influencing the minds of others; and we ask, are ye not bound to employ the opportunities in your power for the widest diffusion of true sentiments upon this great subject?

Ministers of the Gospel,—*what* is that Gospel, to the diffusion of which you have consecrated your lives? Can you forget that its summary, in the highest revelation from heaven, is, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth *peace*,—good will toward men?'

AN INCIDENT AND AN ARGUMENT.

'What has happened to our minister,'—said the deacon to a friend, as they walked home from church,—'he has declared a new heresy to-day. He says the Son is not equal to the Father. Is not that dreadful?'—'Why, I don't know' said the friend—'I can't say that I ever thought he was *quite* equal.'

This is the incident as related.—It may, or it may not be strictly true in all its parts. I attach no particular importance to it as a matter of fact. I introduce it only as an illlustration of a mode of thinking and speaking, not uncommon. We have all met with remarks in books or conversation sufficiently like it. There is a singular looseness in the thoughts of some Trinitarians, as they suppose themselves to be, in regard to the equality of the Father and Son. It is a subject on which we cannot bear to speak lightly. Yet it is a subject on which we wish men would speak with a little consistency and common sense, when they speak at all. But many appear to think that consistency and common sense have nothing to do with it. They hold what they call a Trinity, yet in their thoughts they evidently make a vast separation between the persons of this Trinity. They suppose Christ to be God, but have never supposed for a moment that he was *quite* equal to the Supreme God, the Father. They try to take a middle course. They make him not in all respects equal, yet nearly the same. They forget that he must either be infinite or finite, and that between these, there is necessarily an infinite distance.

It is singular that some professed theologians and popular writers have fallen into this error, and have interwoven it with their labored defences of the Trinity. To mention no other, I remember a sermon published not many years ago, by the Rev. Mr. Sprague, then of West Springfield, in elucidation and support of the Trinity. I have not the discourse at my command just now, and will not therefore pretend to give the words, or to state the argument itself with literal exactness. But I am confident I do the writer no injustice, when I say that his reasoning is this. Replying to some alleged proof of Christ's inferiority to the Father, he says that even admitting him to be an inferior in this one respect, it does not settle the question; we must show that he is inferior in *all* respects.—Now this is in substance the identical reasoning seen in the above anecdote. It amounts to saying—and if my prejudices have not warped my memory, Mr. Sprague does say—that if the Son can be proved to be equal to the Father in any *one* respect, it is sufficient for the argument. Suppose we admit that if this could be proved it would be sufficient, is there not an intrinsic and singular absurdity in the idea that a Being can be equal to another, though in some things inferior? What is equality? Does it mean equality or only resemblance? Is it consistent with inferiority? Is it consistent, in the present inquiry, as applied to God and Christ, with any imaginable difference between them? Furthermore, does not the very question about equality, does not equality itself of any kind, suppose and require some distinction? Is it not a comparison? and how can there be a comparison, unless there are two perfectly distinct beings or objects to be compared?

This is *our* argument on the present question. And we think it one of the arguments not duly weighed by either party. It is that the whole mode of reasoning used by Trinitarians, goes upon the supposition, and admits the fact, that the Father and the Son are two Beings; one by comparison only, if at all, not by identity. And this is, in our view, yielding the argument, or rather turning it against themselves. Because it is making two Infinites, two Equals. There is no half way. There is no alternative. You must either allow that there is but one infinite Being—and then what propriety is there of speaking of another as equal with Him?—or you must say that there are two wholly distinct, yet wholly equal; and if that does not make two Gods, words are useless, and figures folly. If you choose to take refuge in mystery, it is very well—every one is safe there. But if you pretend to reason upon it, if you attempt to define and explain and defend, most of all, if you expect men to understand and believe, you must decide either upon one and only one infinite Being, to whom as a matter of necessity no other can be equal, or you must allow two or more infinites, and run at once into polytheism.

We may say the same of the use made of particular passages of scripture. There are very few texts adduced in proof of the Trinity, that do not themselves prove a proper entire distinction between the Father and the Son, making them in all respects two Beings. When it is said of Jesus, that 'he thought it not robbery to make himself equal with God'—taking the passage just as it is, does it not prove that the Being of whom it speaks could not have been God himself? Would it ever be said of God, that he thought it not robbery to make himself equal with himself? Put any construction upon the passage that it will admit, you cannot evade the conclusion that it represents Christ as completely separated and distinct from God, as any two beings are. And does not our Savior himself say this as plainly as it is possible for words to say it? Does he not compare the testimony of his Father and himself to the testimony of two men? 'It is written in your law, the testimony of two men is true; I am one that bear witness of myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness of me.' He who can make sense of this declaration, on any but the Unitarian scheme, possesses powers that I do not possess. The strange but often convenient hypothesis of double nature, would seem in this case rather to perplex and darken, than reconcile or aid in any way. For according to that, our Lord says 'the testimony of two is true; my human nature is one that beareth witness of myself, and my divine nature that sent me beareth witness of me!'

Such unmeaning, if not irreverent construction, does the Trinitarian doctrine require us to put upon the conduct and teachings of Jesus. It is long since we have noticed any of these opinions in this journal. The whole subject seems by general consent to have been dropped and allowed to sleep, at least as regards public discussion. Perhaps I do wrong to revive it, even in this unimportant way. Many will say it is better for religion, than an inquiry which cannot be pursued without danger of irreverent freedom, daring if not profane speculation, should be let alone. And if it really be so, that we cannot pursue such an inquiry without these evils, most certainly we ought to abstain from it altogether. But to admit this, is saying little for our self-command, our Christian charity, or our reverence for holy things. I am not willing to admit it. I believe, and am strengthened in the belief by facts in our own country, that the most difficult and sacred subjects may be discussed with fairness and decorum, respect for man and fear of God: and such discussions are called for. We mistake, if we suppose our people generally are even tolerably acquainted with the merits of these questions. I am amazed at the crude opinions, loose thoughts, feeble impressions, and inconsistent views betrayed by all parties, in all places, where attention has not been forcibly called to the inquiry, and information systematically given. There are hundreds all about us, who do not even know that the text in 1 John v. 7, is not as sound and unquestioned as any in the Bible. And they never will know it, if we do not tell them, for it is the last information that their Trinitarian ministers will give them. The disingenousness practised in relation to this, is truly dreadful. I could give instances, but I forbear.

Let me finish this article and the argument it was intended to present, with two questions respecting the equality of the Father and Son. First, if Christ *did* not teach his inferiority to his Father, how *could* he have taught it? What language could he have used to declare this truth, that might not have been easily turned from its purpose, as the language that he has used?—Secondly, if, as we are told, the Father and Son are 'equal in power and glory'—would it not be as proper, and in fact the same thing to say, 'the Son sent the Father,'—as 'the Father sent the Son?' yet who would not pronounce this utter blasphemy! [Christian Advocate.

THE HISTORY OF MISTAKES CONCERNING MORAL VIRTUE.

Not only did the Christian church adopt very wrong and pernicious maxims of church discipline, but Christians have also adopted very false and hurtful notions concerning *moral virtue* itself, which is the end of all discipline; and it may be useful to take a general view of these corruptions, as well as of others.

According to the genuine doctrine of reason and revelation, nothing is of any avail to recommend a man to the favor of God, and to insure his future happiness, besides good dispositions of mind, and a habit and conduct of life agreeable to them. This is the religion of nature, and likewise that of the Old and New Testaments. But the religion of the heathen world, and that of many of the Jews in the time of our Savior, was of a quite different stamp. The heathens, having none but low notions of their Gods, had no idea of recommending themselves to their favor, but by the punctual observance of certain rites, ceremonies, and modes of worship, which at best had no relation to moral virtue, and often consisted in the most horrid and shameful violation of the plainest natural duties.

The pharisaical Jews, also, overlooking the excellent nature of the moral precepts of their Law, and the perfect character of the great Being whom they were taught to worship, and directed to resemble, attached themselves wholly to ritual observances. Upon these, and on their relation to their Ancestor Abraham, they chiefly depended for insuring to themselves the favor of God, to the utter exclusion of all the gentile world, whatever might be their characters in a moral respect.

Our Lord and his apostles took every opportunity of opposing this fundamental corruption of genuine religion, and recalled men's attention to their hearts and lives. And one would have thought that, by the abolition of all the peculiar rites of the Jewish law, and appointing none in their place (besides baptism and the Lord's supper, which are exceedingly simple, and have obvious moral uses) an effectual bar would have been put in the way of the old superstitions.—But human nature being the same, and men's dislike to moral virtue operating as before, and making them ready to adopt superstitious observances as a compensation for it, *pretences* and *modes* were not long wanting, and at length proper moral virtue was as effectually excluded in the Christian religion, as ever it had been in corrupt Judaism, or heathenism itself: and as great stress was laid upon things that bore no relation to moral virtue, but were in fact, inconsistent with it, and subversive of it, as had ever been done by the most superstitious and misinformed of mankind.

Did not both the most authentic history, and even the present state of religion in the church of Rome, furnish sufficient vouchers of this, it would not, in the present enlightened age, be even credible, that such practices as I shall be obliged to mention, could ever have been used by Christians, as methods of recommending themselves to God.

We find that in early times an undue stress was laid upon the ordinances of *baptism* and the *Lord's supper*, as if these rites themselves, when duly administered, imparted some *spiritual grace*. Thus baptism was supposed to wash away all past sins; and the act of communion to impart some other secret virtue, by which a title to the blessings of the gospel was secured to the communicant. On this account, many persons who professed themselves to be Christians, deferred baptism till late in life, or even to the hour of death, that they might leave the world with the greater certainty of all their sins being forgiven, and before any new guilt could be contracted.

A superstitious use was early made of the *sign of the cross*. It seems to have originated among the Montanists. Tertullian boasts of it thus, 'In the beginning of any business, going out, coming in, dressing, washing, eating, lighting candles, going to bed, sitting down, or whatever we do, we sign our forehead with the sign of the cross.' It was thought to be a defence against enchantments and evil spirits.—The use of this sign came more into fashion after Constantine employed it in his imperial standard. So high did it rise in later times, that the papists maintain that the cross, and even the sign of the cross, is to be worshipped with the highest kind of adoration.

Furthermore, a sanctifying virtue was ascribed to *holy water*, or salt and water consecrated by the bishop—an idea of pagan extraction. An extraordinary power was also ascribed to *lights* burning in the day time, to *incense*, to the *relics* of saints, and their *images*, and to little waxen images of a lamb, that were called *Agnus Dei's*. Yet greater efficacy was attributed to *pilgrimages* to visit particular churches and holy places, and to *attendance* on particular ceremonies. Hence the foundation of those *jubilees* and *festivals*, described in another part of this work. All the popish sacraments are likewise certain ceremonies, to the use of which the members of the catholic church ascribe a supernatural and sanctifying effect upon the mind; and they suppose them to have that weight and influence with the Divine Being, which nothing but real virtue, or good dispositions of mind can ever have.

Almsgiving likewise and donations to churches were supposed to be available to prevent future punishment. Bodily *austerities*, *fasting*, *celibacy*, were in high estimation, as propitiating the favor of God and securing eternal life.—Great stress was also laid on *contemplation*, to which *solitude* was favorable.

As illustrations of the mistakes in respect to virtue, and the value attached to what was outward in those times, the following facts may be related, and they are only a small specimen of the whole.

Some of the Mystics of the fifth century not only lived among the wild beasts, but also after their manner. They ran naked through the desert with a furious aspect. They fed on grass and wild herbs, avoided the sight and conversation of men, remained motionless in certain places for several years, exposed to the rigor and inclemency of the seasons; and towards the conclusion of their lives, shut themselves up in narrow and miserable huts. One Simeon, a Syrian, in order perhaps to climb as near to heaven as he could, passed thirty-seven years of his wretched life upon five pillars, of six, twelve, thirty-two, thirty six, and lastly forty cubits high. Others followed his example; and, of all the instances of superstitious frenzy, none were held in higher veneration than this, and the practice continued in the East till the twelfth century.

Dominic for many years had next to his skin an iron coat of mail, which he never put off but for the sake of flagellation. He seldom passed a day without chanting two psalters, at the same time whipping himself with both his hands; and yet this was his time of greatest relaxation. For in Lent, and while he was performing penance for other persons, he would repeat at least three psalters a day, whipping himself at the same time. He would often repeat two psalters without any interval between them, without even sitting down, or ceasing for one moment to whip himself.

Peter Damiani asking him one day if he could kneel with his coat of mail, he said, 'When I am well I make a hundred genuflections every fifteenth psalm, which is a thousand in the whole psalter; and one time he told his master that he had gone through the psalter eight times in one day and night; and at another time, trying his utmost, he repeated it twelve times, and as far as the psalm which begins with *Beati Quorum* of the thirteenth. And in repeating the psalter he did not stop at the hundred and fifty psalms, but added to them the canticles, the hymns, the creed of St. Athanasius, and the litanies, which are to be found at the end of the old psalters. His fasting and his coat of mail made his skin as black as a negro, and besides this he wore four iron rings, two on his thighs, and two on his legs, to which he afterwards added four others; and besides this iron shirt he had another under him to sleep upon. Notwithstanding these severities, he died very old on the 14th of October, 1062, which day is dedicated to his honor in the calendar of the church of Rome.

The *Quietists*, who arose 1688 and gave great trouble to the church of Rome, held that the Christian religion consisted neither in knowledge nor practice, but in certain internal feelings or divine impulses.

The casuistry of the *Jesuits* was proverbial as sapping the foundations of morality and religion. Amongst other principles, they held that it was lawful to do evil that good might come; that it was a matter of indifference what motives determined the actions of men; and that even an oath might be taken with mental additions and reservations.

The doctrine was once held and practised in the church of Rome, that no faith was to be kept with heretics.

It is to be hoped, that Catholics do not lay the stress they have been formerly taught to do on things foreign to real virtue, that is, to good dispositions of mind, and a good conduct in life; as it is to be lamented, that many Protestants are far from being free from all superstition in these respects. But now that the minds of men seem to be so well opened to the admission of religious truth in general, errors so fundamental as these which relate to *morality*, will hardly remain long without redress. It will be happy if the reformation of Christians in doctrine and discipline be followed by a suitable reformation in practice. [Priestly's History of Corruptions.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

In order that religion should yield its full and best fruits, one thing is necessary; and the times require that I should state it with great distinctness. It is necessary that religion should be held and professed in a liberal spirit. Just as far as it assumes an intolerant, exclusive, sectarian form, it subverts, instead of strengthening, the soul's freedom, and becomes the heaviest and most galling yoke which is laid on the intellect and conscience. Religion must be viewed, not as a monopoly of priests, ministers, or sects, not as conferring on any man a right to dictate to his fellow-men, not as an instrument by which the few may awe the many, not as bestowing on one a prerogative which is not enjoyed by all, but as the property of every human being, and as the great subject for every human mind. It must be regarded as the revelation of a common Father, to whom all have equal access, who invites all to the like immediate communion, who has no favorites, who has no infallible expounders of his will, who opens his works and word to every eye, and calls upon all to read for themselves, and to follow fearlessly the best convictions of their own understandings. Let religion be seized on by individuals or sects, as their special province; let them clothe themselves with God's prerogative of justice; let them succeed in enforcing their creed by penalties of law or penalties of opinion; let

plored is it, that religion, the very principle which is designed to raise men above the judgment and power of man, should become the chief instrument of usurpation over the soul. [Channing.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 27, 1844.

EARLY INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL EDUCATION.

We have little regard for mere intellectual education in childhood. To over exercise and stimulate the intellect at an early age may do, even has done much harm. Many parents are too anxious upon this point, and are too much gratified at the intellectual precocity of their children. A premature mental growth is not desirable. It is often false in its promise, and seldom, if ever, produces a valuable harvest.—It seems to exhaust the healthful, vital energy of the faculties, and to the grief and surprise of friends they soon begin to droop and languish.

Besides, mere knowledge is not salvation; nor does it necessarily, nor always naturally conduce to it. Mental energy and development do not purify or sanctify, nor make wise in relation to the real good of existence. If it be not controlled and directed by moral principle, it is replete with mischief and danger to the individual and society. Great men, intellectual giants without principle, have, in all ages, been the curse and ruin of nations, the scourges of the human race, employing their vast energies in satisfying unholy desires and a wicked ambition. If men can not be good, in the name of humanity, we say, let them be stupid. Put not a two-edged sword into their hands for their own and others destruction. Unsanctified intellectual power caused the angels to fall, and has filled the earth with woe and tears. One of the greatest writers of the age has said, "all education but that of the heart is comparatively worthless, and if we have not learned this great truth our attainments are poor indeed."—Let not parents then, be anxious, prematurely to develope the mental faculties of their children. Let them give their first and chief attention to the heart. Nor would we have too much attempted here. It is possible, by overdoing in respect to moral education, to effect much injury; to make moral pedants, to produce mere caricatures of generous, lovely, noble qualities. To be everlastingly talking to children about principle, and virtue, and goodness, would, probably, only disgust them, and in the ebullitions of their much tried patience, they would, probably, wish such things had never existed. What is done in the way of instruction in these matters must be done wisely, both in regard to time and manner, and in regard to the peculiar temper and disposition of the child. To impart judiciously, moral teachings to minds so tender and easily affected; to shed on the heart of childhood those influences that shall call forth and invigorate its best and highest affections is unquestionably a delicate task. The best way to accomplish it successfully is to obey the Savior's precept or invitation, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'—To carry them to him, to teach them to love and reverence him is the most effectual and certain means of their right moral development.—Depend not on the words of the wise and prudent,—on books of morals—on the teachings of philosophers, on the exhortations of fear and affection, on the maxims and promises and motives of this world. The discipline derived from these sources is superficial, insecure and unsatisfactory. It goes not to the heart, penetrates not its depths, opens not the fountains of its power, imbues it not with divine, undying energy. Carry little children to Jesus. He is the fountain of living waters. His character is a sea of purest, sweetest, mightiest moral influence. It is so simple, tender, disinterested, majestic, that it seems expressly adapted to the comprehension of childhood. It has no conflicting elements, no dark spots, no startling contrasts or contradictions, no inexplicable problems. It is all simple, intelligible, affecting, impressive, and seems formed to interest the hearts of children. We are confident that any child can be taught to love and reverence the character of Jesus Christ; and this love, so full of healing and heaven's own energy, would be more for its spiritual culture and education, more to secure its purity, peace, safety; to enable it to pass unharmed through the perils and temptations of the world, than all those teachings and influences combined. This love would prove its shield, anchor and armor, the pledge of its triumph, its guide to salvation.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

We recently listened to a discourse on the condition and wants of this Institution, by its President, Dr. Olin, with much interest. It appears that its friends are insufficient much longer to sustain the plan of its operations, and unless its pecuniary ability is considerably increased, they must soon cease. Its pupils must be dismissed, its halls left vacant, the hope of supplying to Methodist congregations, educated and enlightened preachers, and to the denomination, cultivated and accomplished individuals to control and direct its energies and enthusiasm to useful ends, must for the present be abandoned. This is a result the President considered to be deprecated, not by Methodists only, but by all men who love and desire the welfare and improvement of society—the country. We think so too, and that the wealthy and liberal minded of all religious parties, if they duly reflected on the subject, would perceive its general importance and afford the aid required to sustain the Institution The Methodists are numerous, increasing and powerful. Their influence is a large element in the moral energy and character of the country. How important it should be under the guidance of enlightened men; that it should be chastened, refined and wisely directed by cultivated minds. If it should fall, to a great extent, into the hands of the ignorant and fanatical, what injuries might it not inflict on society? And if they have not among them men of superior intelligence who possess their confidence, they most certainly will be seduced into the management of demagogues, who will use them for the accomplishment of their ambitious, and perhaps destructive schemes. There is not a religious denomination in the country so well organised and disciplined, so easily combined into one grand, concentrated movement, which holds out so great facilities and temptations to the unprincipled politician. Let them sink under the dominion of ignorance, or under the control of ignorant leaders, and there is no security that they will not blindly be led to lend their mighty aidto elevate to our highest places of power, the worst of men, and to contribute their powerful influence to effect purposes the most pernicious to the welfare of the country.

How, important, then, we repeat, is it that they should be numerously supplied with thoroughly educated men of their own, who will be able to detect and expose the arts and frauds of the designing, secure *them* against the blandishments and seductions of those, who desire to use them in effecting their personal aggrandisement, and the country against the danger of their being led on to help in the consummation of schemes inconsistent with its prosperity and happiness! They are, in some degree, a peculiar people. They stand aloof from other portions of society, and, being intimately affiliated in one common, effective system of discipline are easily acted on in masses, and therefore more exposed than any other sect among us, except the Catholics, to the arts and designs of demagogues. In every view the subject deserves consideration: and can men of wealth do better with the amount they are disposed to contribute to charitable purposes, than bestow it on an institution to supply this people with educated men!

The President said their mission was to the poor. Where a few neglected families, wanting alike in the comforts of this life and the hope of a better, could be found in the outskirts of our towns, there the Methodist preacher, had gone, gathered them into a school house or a barn, and instructed them in the consolations and truths of religion. Like their Master they have preached the Gospel to the poor; thousands even in our New England, have, through their labors, been brought under its influence, whom before it had never reached; and its light has shone in many humble habitations of men, whose eyes previous to their coming, had never seen, except darkly, at a distance, its beautiful, nor their hearts felt the warmth of its healing beams.

In the West they have done great good and been of vast service. They there have proclaimed the glad tidings through wide regions, and carried the power and promise of Christianity where they had not penetrated, and would not, for long years, have found their way and dispensed their blessings without their primitive zeal and enterprise. They have laid the whole country thus under obligations of gratitude. They have done a most needful work there which no other denomination could have done so well and so effectually. Their mode of operation is peculiarly adapted to the wants of such a region; and the sect, seems, in the providence of God, to have arisen expressly to supply such wants as there existed, when their zeal, enthusiasm, energy and spirit of sacrifice were most needed. And can we doubt that every sect has had a mission, a peculiar work given it to do, that it has arisen where its distinctive action, agency and influence were called for by the condition of the religious world? When its work has been finished, it has disappeared. Instead of denouncing and lamenting its existence, we ought to rejoice and give thanks that it came and labored, for a time, in the vineyard of our Lord. They have all in some way contributed to his glory, to the prosperity and energy of his Church. In the light, charity and faith of this thought, its history should be written, and must be, before its divine origin and honor can be justly vindicated The Methodists have once more demonstrated the truth, that though zeal may suffice to sustain a religious sect, for a time, when it has in a degree burnt out, learning, knowledge, mental cultivation and power, must be obtained, or it will go down and lose its influence. Men cannot live always in an excitement. They must have true bread from heaven and drink of tranquil, living waters, not ever from the fierce streams of earth, or they cease to have any life in themselves. The Methodists now call loudly for knowledge and education, and we trust the means will amply be afforded them.

MAY DAY.

We hope that all of our readers, who reside in the city or vicinity, will remember the Fair connected with Rev. Mr. Putnam's Society, which will take place on Wednesday. The ladies have been unwearied in their exertions. The hall they have secured is spacious, and will, we understand, be splendidly adorned. There will be music, flowers, and articles for sale, of every variety, both for beauty and use. A number of gentlemen are expected to speak.—The Perkins Carpet Establishment, where the Fair is to be holden, is a pleasant walk from the city. Omnibuses will be also continually passing. The proceeds of this Fair will be placed in the hands of a responsible committee, to aid destitute parishes at the West and in New England. A great and good cause is connected with the effort. *Let all do what they can on this interesting occasion.*

OBTAINING MONEY UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

We doubt whether the annals of our Courts will afford a more shameful instance of the crime of obtaining money under false pretences, than what is stated in the following communication in the New England Puritan of last week. He who undertakes to extort money from the weak minded and the devout on the pretence of rescuing the heathen from hell, commits a pious fraud which is second to none on the records of the Romish Church. If any man believes that the suffering heathen are the heirs of such a doom, he needs conversion as much as the most debased object of his morbid fanaticism. The following is the communication. It is intended, with many other appeals in the Orthodox papers, to meet the emergences of the Missionary Board, whose funds are deficient.

Fifty Thousand a Day. So fast the heathen die. They have sinned and not repented, and are unprepared for heaven. If it is true that 'the unbelieving shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," then the heathen must have their part there, for they are unbelievers. They 'have not heard of Christ,' and 'how can they believe in him of whom they have not heard?'

Do we think of them enough? Fifty thousand every day go down to the fire that 'is not quenched;' and should we not think of it as often as *once* every day? 600,000,000 more are going the same road; and about 50,000 will come to its dread end each day of the next thirty years, if the gospel does not save them from it.

Christian reader, I have been among them. I have seen many of those thousands; I come to plead with you in their behalf. Surely you will not refuse to listen to my plea.

Think of them, I pray you. All can do that. Think, for at least *one minute each day*, of the 50,000. who that day sink to the doom of the lost, and the 600,000,000 more that are hastening to the same ruin of the soul. Is it not a matter *worth* thinking of *one minute* in a day? Are your thoughts so busy on *more important* affairs, that you cannot spare one minute for this?

Do you say, 'It will be of no use to think of them?' How do you know that? Is it certain that you would not be led to offer one more fervent and sincere prayer in their belief? Such prayer '*availeth much.*' Is it certain that you cannot devise some way to increase your ability to aid them: or to interest others in their behalf?

No, brethren, the Bible does not teach us thus. It bids us be like the good Samaritan, not like the Priest and Levite, who thought, or professed to think they could do nothing for the wounded man. It bids us to be 'always abounding in the work of the Lord,' and that is seeking the salvation of the lost. Let us think, then, of that 50,000 a day. Let us strive to devise some means to hasten the gospel to many of the 600,000,000 that remain. God will help us, and it will not be in vain. I. T.

ONE HALF OF AN ANECDOTE.

The subjoined *anecdote* is going the round of some of the religious papers. The Rev. J. H. Merle, who aggrandises himself by adding to his name the local designation, *D'Aubigne* has reason to feel proud of his noble and most admired history of the Reformation. Presuming upon his distinction in this respect, we are told that he can assume quite a lordly air. We know not for a certainty who the Unitarian clergyman referred to in the following, was, but if he made no reply, we suppose, his silence was caused by his pity for the mingled weakness and pride exhibited by Mr. Merle. If Mr. Merle knows of any denomination of the clergy who are better versed in the Scripture than the Unitarians we should like to be informed which it is. We believe that God was manifest in the flesh, and that he is manifest in nature, while at the same time we are neither Polytheists, nor Pantheists.

An Anecdote of D'Aubigne. Dr. Sewall, in his late tour in Europe, in company with an Unitarian clergyman from New England, paid a visit to the justly celebrated writer of the History of the Reformation, Merle D'Aubigne. Soon after their introduction, D'Aubigne inquired of the clergyman to what denomination of Christians he belonged. With some hesitancy he replied that he was an Unitarian. A cloud of grief passed over the face of the pious historian—and all was as before. The hour passed pleasantly, and the moment of parting came. D'Aubigne took the hand of the Unitarian, and fixing a look of great earnestness upon him, said: 'I am sorry for your error—Go to your Bible—study it—pray over it—and light will be given you—*God was manifest in the flesh.*'

FORCED INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE.

Of all the forced interpretations of Scripture which ever fell under our notice, the following is the most ludicrously absurd specimen. We met with it casually in a Universalist paper called 'the Gospel Banner' of Augusta, Me. The passage expounded is,—

'And I say unto you, my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him.' Luke xii. 4, 5.

Rev. Hosea Ballou of Boston is said in 'the Gospel Banner' to have been the first person to throw light upon this passage, and the following paraphrase is then quoted as expressive of his views from 'Paige's Selections from eminent Commentators'

'And I say unto you, my friends, be not so much afraid of them who have power only to scourge you in their synagogues, and to administer cruel tortures to your bodies, but have no authority to take your lives, as of that more extensive authority to which your brethren the Jews will deliver you, by bringing you before Governors and Kings; for this power can, after inflicting cruelties on your bodies, doom your lives and bodies to be destroyed in gehenna.'

That any favorite theory should lead a man to such lengths of folly—for there is no ingenuity in the *Exposition*, is a perfect marvel.

ITEMS.

Mr. William Adam, formerly Baptist Missionary in Bengal, then for a short time, Professor of Oriental Literature in Harvard University, and recently at the head of the Educational Department in the *Community* at Northampton, proposes to open a school in Boston for the instruction of Young Ladies in English literature, general history, and the philosophy of the mind. We know not the cause for his abandonment of the Utopian establishment at Northampton, but his friends will rejoice to learn that any cause has set him clear of it.

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There are occasionally conversions made to the Christian Faith among the Israelites in this country. The work in all its stages abounds in difficulties, and none the less so in its final ratification. The dreadful sentence of anathema uttered in the Synagogue against a deserter from the Jewish Faith, cuts him off from the strongest associations and the dearest connections in life. It is a hard struggle for any man to endure. The close and exclusive intercourse which the Israelites maintain among themselves renders it difficult to approach them with Christian influences, and the outward aspect of the Christian Church is not inviting to them. Still there are instances of conversion. The converts are generally made likewise from among the best educated and the most informed.—Charles Allishmer, a German Israelite, resident in New York, was by baptism received into the Church of Christ on the 14th inst.

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Taking the Habit. At the convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., in February, the religious habit was given to Miss Julia Pearce (Sister Mary Eulalia,) Miss Georgiana Pearce (Sister Mary Michael,) both of Boston; Miss Elizabeth Travers (Sister Mary Agatha,) of Washington, and Mrs. Keating (Sister Mary Joseph,) of Philadelphia.

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The Roman Catholic Clergy have been steadily increasing and strengthening themselves in the empire of Russia for more than a century, though the Greek Church has enjoyed exclusive prerogatives and immunities. The Emperor has now determined on allowing State patronage to the Romanists. The Roman clergy of the Western provinces of the Empire, and they are chiefly confined to that region, are henceforth to be paid by the State. They are divided into five classes, the clergy of the first class receiving £100 per annum, and those of the last lass £37.

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A Catholic Priest, Rev. Mr. Sandifort, has been installed as Rector of the University of Leyden. This has never been the case since the Reformation, up to the present year. Twenty-five years ago this event would have been deemed an utter impossibility. Certainly the Rev. Rector must feel a sense of triumph as he takes his seat in the Hall of the University, and looks around upon the frowning portraits of the old Dutch champions of Protestantism, which line the walls.

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The British Government have determined to send a fleet of steam-ships of war to blockade the African coast where it is frequented by slave-ships. The resolution is to put an entire stop to the cursed traffic. The measure will no doubt prove effectual, if there be no connivance to defeat it.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, viz:

From the Auxiliary Association in Saco,	$ 16 00
From Mrs. Elizabeth Gould, of Ashby, the balance necessary to constitute her a life member,	20 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Sherburne,	10 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Quincy,	10 00
From Ladies of the First Congregational Society in Quincy, to constitute their pastor, Rev. Wm. P. Lunt, a life member,	30 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Dover,	10 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Bridge water,	32 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Eastport,	20 00
From Mrs. C. K. Sargent, to constitute her son Rev. J. T. Sargent, a life member,	30 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Augusta, Me.	20 00

For the Register.

Messrs. Editors:—In the remarks in your last number upon the 'Reply' to my 'Exposition of Facts, relating to the Administration of the Hawes Charity,' you very truly and properly say that 'the whole gist of the controversy, or difficulty, or difference, between Mr. Capen and the Hawes Place Society, lies in the by-law' adopted by the Society. Now as a suit has been commenced to ascertain and settle that question, it would be needless to trouble the public any further in the mattter, if it were not for those 'painful differences of statement between the two documents,' of which also you speak in your remarks, and which I could not be less 'sorry to find' than yourselves. Sorry was I more especially to find myself so prominently brought to notice in the 'Reply;' for I had most studiously avoided every thing of a personal nature, and had stifled and smothered my own troubles and wrongs, highly aggravated though I considered them, and confined myself exclusively to the legal question, and such facts as seemed necessary to throw light upon it.

I have very carefully reviewed my 'Exposition of Facts,' and am happy to find no statement there, which I am not confident is fully susceptible of proof. What I have stated as matter of opinion, may pass for what it is worth. As the 'Reply,' therefore, seems to require some further notice, in due time it will appear. I will only add, that the fact that eminent lawyers are not agreed on this question, is, of itself, a sufficient reason why the decision of it should be referred to the only competent tribunal. It is to be hoped, therefore, that all the parties interested therein, will calmly and patiently await the issue.

Very respectfully your's, &c.,

Lemuel Capen.

Boston, April 22, 1844.

For the Register.

MARINERS' CHURCH IN PROVIDENCE.

Our friends in Providence have been exerting themselves in behalf of the sailors there, with a view especially to relieve their Chapel of a debt, which threatened to prove fatal to its progress if not existence. By the aid of friends there, and a few in this city, they have succeeded in part, but would be still grateful for aid. The object is one of the best. The Church is free, and a good assembly of mariners and others regularly worship there, enjoying the faithful ministrations of Elder Taylor, a liberal and devoted minister of the Christian denomination. The fact that he is liberal, and that the society will have a preacher of their own choice, and will admit Unitarians to their pulpit, cuts them off from the sympathy and even promised aid of the other sects. The chief burden is thus thrown upon the Unitarians of that city. They are determined that the Mariners' Church shall be sustained. But they find it hard to do it wholly, in addition to the expense of their own Churches and the Ministry at Large. They therefore humbly ask aid of their brethren generally, though they hope not to be obliged to make any special and formal calls. In promotion of the cause there, a Fair has just been held, among whose articles was a little book of poetry by *Mrs E. B. Hall*, written for the purpose, with the title of the Cross and Anchor, of which some remaining copies are now offered for sale at the Bookstores of Munroe, Greene, and Crosby, in this city. Those who purchase will aid the cause of the sailor.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Memoir of Miss Elizabeth Carter, illustrating the union of learning and piety: By the author of 'Miriam' and 'Joanna of Naples.' Boston, Published by T. H. Carter & Co., 1844.

We learn from the preface, that 'this sketch of Miss Carter was prepared some years ago, and intended as the first of a series, to be entitled 'Biographical sketches of six distinguished English ladies of the last century.' Mrs. Barbauld, as the one best known to the modern public, should perhaps have been selected as the first for notice, but the author, hoping to complete the series, began chronologically. She has been obliged to relinquish the plan, but as the memoir of Miss Carter was ready for the press, she offers it in hopes that a true portrait of a woman so truly wise and excellent, may excite some interest and do some good among her young country women.'

We hope that the excellent plan, with which we are thus made acquainted, is not absolutely relinquished, and that at some future day it may be in the power of the writer to execute it. Should the whole plan be as successfully executed as this first volume of the series, the work would form a most valuable addition to our Sunday School libraries, and our literature for young persons. These libraries have been flooded with stories and tales of fiction, many of them instructive and useful. But biography, real life, is a better teacher than the imagination, and we are satisfied that a most valuable series of books, of the plan here proposed, might be prepared for the young, and we know of no one better qualified to prepare them than the writer of the little work before us. We extract the following passage descriptive of Miss Carter's literary acquisitions, personal appearance and character:

She acquired the Italian, Spanish, and German languages by her own unaided efforts, at a very youthful age, the Portuguese at a later period, and still later she marched up alone to attack the wild solitary fortress of the Arabic.—Through life she made a practice of reading a portion of Hebrew daily when in health. It seems not unlikely that the difficulties she early encountered, arose, in some degree, from her rejection of those humble but invaluable ladders to knowledge, grammars. Since she was not one to be discouraged by the dryness of learning declensions and conjugations, we are at a loss to understand how she fell into a mistake, which involved so much unnecessary expense of time and labor.

She committed a more serious error in studying late at night, binding wet towels around her head, and chewing green tea to keep herself awake. That Elizabeth Carter should have sinned in the slightest degree against the laws of our physical nature, does not prove that she was deficient in conscientiousness on this important point, but only that the subject was not well understood in those days. Could the pages of Combe have been placed in her youthful hands, she would have made no false balance of literary progress against health; and the headaches which so often racked her brain through a long life, probably would have been unknown to her. Those who set so just a value on time as she did, must see the importance of avoiding an evil that may occasionally incapacitate them for useful employment. There is a terrible waste of time occasioned by sickness, that might have been avoided.

We will now give a passage from the biography by her nephew, which, brief as it is, we consider of high importance. 'She found time to work a great deal at her needle, not only for herself, but the family; and this even when in London, for it appears from one of her father's letters, that when one of her brothers had new shirts, some of them were sent to her to make there.' We doubt whether among the changes that one hundred years have produced, it would now be easy to find a literary young lady visiting London, and moving in no humble circles, actually making shirts for her rustic brothers with her own fair hands.

In personal appearance, Miss Carter was prepossessing. Although her figure was indifferent, her complexion was clear and fair, her teeth white, her hair curling, and her features expressive. If they truly expressed the mind and heart within—and how often does the soul indeed mould the face, and look out from the eyes of an artless girl!—she must have had power to arrest the gaze even of a ball room lounger. It would be a serious omission to say nothing of her manners, so often does winning deportment exercise the magic that beauty is apt to deem exclusively her own. She was near sighted; but that this could have given her no ungraceful awkwardness, is evident from the readiness with which she became a favorite. Acquaintances speedily were converted into friends, and in some instances, friends into lovers. There must have been something peculiarly engaging about her; her fortune could have held out no temptations, and a lady's Greek and Latin have never been suspected of winning hearts; yet she had many admirers, and her celibacy was unquestionably a matter of choice.

To describe Miss Carter as she was in her youth, and not speak of her piety, would leave her portrait barely sketched; the rich coloring must come from the skies. A mild light seems to have shown in upon her young mind from the Scriptures, and her character borrowed from it that beautiful tone which makes it so pleasant an object of contemplation. There was nothing in it dazzling, nothing overstrained. She was probably not often thrown in the way of dissenters, and seems to have contented herself with acting up to what she had been taught, as became a meek and devout young Christian.—Quiet, earnest piety was the foundation of her religious character, the best foundation it could have; and to this habit of mind we can alone attribute the perfect humility with which she bore that worst trial of the young, flattery.—When the tongues of learned men told her what she was, in no measured terms of admiration, we believe that her devout heart whispered—'to God be the glory.' Among the means she used to keep the flame ever burning on its secret altar, were daily study of the Scriptures and the assiduous perusal of sermons and other religious works. As a peculiarity most worthy of imitation, and indicative of the serious spirit in which she listened to the preached word, let us mention that 'she was never known to find fault with any sermon in which the doctrine was that of the gospel, and in which the moral and religious duties were properly enforced.'

MEMOIRS OF REV. NOAH WORCESTER, D. D.

These memoirs were prepared by the late Dr. Henry Ware Jr. and were ready for the press at the time of his death. They will be published in a few days by James Munroe & Co., and will be read with a deep interest inspired both by the subject and the author. We have had an opportunity of looking at some of the proof sheets, from which we make the following extracts.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Noah Worcester was born Nov. 25th, 1758, at Hollis, N. H., then a new and obscure place, the settlement of which was commenced in 1730. He was the oldest son of Noah Worcester, Esq., who was a son of the Rev. Francis Worcester, who was for some years pastor of a church in Sandwich, Mass., and who died at Hollis in 1783. The Rev. Francis Worcester was the great grandson of the Rev. William Worcester, who came from Salisbury in England, and was the first minister of the church in Salisbury, Mass., which was instituted in 1638 and was the 18th church, in the order of time, formed in Massachusetts Bay.

The air that he breathed during childhood was that of religion. His grandparents made part of the family, and he tells us that "all united to make early a deep impression on his mind in favor of religion and against vice; and that in these efforts they were so far successful, that his religious impressions were of the earliest date of any thing he can remember, excepting," he adds, "a burn which I received in my bosom when I was about two years old." From the time that he was twelve years old he was accustomed to lead the daily worship of the family in the absence of his father. As a proof of the conscientiousness which at the earliest period was cultivated in him, he relates the distress which he once endured, before he was five years old, at the idea that he had been guilty of the sin of falsehood in asserting as a fact what had been told him without his knowing it to be true; and the relief which he experienced in having the difference between an unintentional departure from truth and a design to deceive, explained to him.

He was taught to read at a very early age, and took pleasure in reading. He is remembered as being always accounted one of the best scholars in the school, and as employing his leisure time at home, in reading or studying, or teaching the younger children. The best opportunities of education were at that time and in that place but small, and his privileges became poor indeed as he advanced in years. For as he grew to be large and strong for his age, his services as a laborer were too valuable to be dispensed with, and he was only spared from the farm to attend the brief school of a few weeks during the winter season. Neither grammar nor geography made any part of his studies; and scanty as his advantages were, they ceased with the winter of 1774—5, when he was but sixteen years old.

On the breaking out of the Revolutionary war the next spring, he joined the army as a fifer, and continued in the service for about eleven months. He narrowly escaped being made prisoner at the battle of Bunker Hill; in the confusion of the retreat he ran toward a party of the enemy, and barely discovered his mistake in season to correct it. He again was in the army for two months, "to please his father" he says, during the campaign of 1777. He was then fife-major. It was his fortune to be in the battle of Bennington; where, as he said afterward, "he felt much worse in going over the ground the next day, than during the engagement." When the term of his enlistment expired, he was solicited with some urgency to remain in the army, and offers were made to raise his wages to those of a non-commissioned officer; but he disliked the business, and he was in love; he therefore persisted in quitting the camp; expressing devout gratitude to that kind Providence which had led him unharmed through the terrible moral dangers to which he had been exposed. "One effect, however," he says, "occurred from my being in the army, which I could not but observe with some alarm. From my childhood till I became a soldier, my sympathetic affections or passions were remarkably tender; so that I was easily moved to tears by any affecting objects or circumstances. But the first funeral I attended at home after having been in the army, I was shocked to find myself so changed and so unmoved on such an occasion."

The interval between his two military expeditions was in several respects an important period of his life. He resided for a time in the family of his uncle Francis Worcester at Plymouth, whither he had gone with a view to engaging in the manufacture of maple sugar. Here was residing also his uncle's step-daughter, Hannah Brown, a native of Newburyport, a fine girl of sixteen, whose admirable qualities attracted his warmest affection. A mutual attachment grew up between the young pair, and spite of poverty, war, and youth, they pledged themselves to each other. This was in the season of 1776—7. He was eighteen years old, she was sixteen.

It was during this winter too that he first occupied himself as an instructer. He undertook the care of the village school; and, notwithstanding what we have seen must have been his very inadequate preparation for such a task, he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his employers, and pursued the occupation for nine successive winters. He was perfectly aware of his deficiencies, and anxious and resolute to remove them. He availed himself with diligence of the best means within his reach. How good these were, and what obstacles he had to contend against may be seen in his account of them.

"In the course of that winter, I probably acquired more useful knowledge than I had ever before done in any two winters by going to school. After I became an instructor I felt the importance of learning, and exerted myself to obtain it by such means as were then within my power. I found myself deficient in the art of writing; and being at Plymouth in N. H. in the summer season, where it was difficult to procure paper during the war, I wrote over a quantity of white birch bark, in imitation of some excellent copies which I found in that place. By this means I made considerable improvement in leisure hours and rainy weather. About this time I procured a dictionary, which was the first I ever had the privilege of perusing, though I was then in my eighteenth year."

So young, and yet already he had been in one battle and was soon to be in another, had taught school one winter, and was engaged to be married. This engagement, as was natural, seems to have hastened his settlement in life. In September, 1778, he purchased of his father the remainder of his minority, and left home for Plymouth, intending to make that town the place of his residence, and expecting to spend his days as a farmer, except so far as he might obtain employment as a school master. Here he was married the next year, on the day he was twenty-one years of age.

And now, having accompanied him up to manhood, what have we found in his circumstances, character or education, to give any prediction of the place which he was afterward to fill in life? What was there then so extraordinary, that, if he had died then any one should say, "Alas, alas, the world has lost a benefactor; the progress of man is put back?" A conscientious child, a good boy, an enterprising youth, hopeful, diligent and brave; but so far from being apparently on the path of literary eminence or distinction of life, he has barely studied enough to attain the accomplishment of a district school teacher, and that in a region so obscure and so remote from the means of improvement, that his paper has been birch bark, and he meets no dictionary till he has reached his eighteenth year. No one could doubt that with his athletic frame, his capacity for labor and his spirit of enterprise, he would make his way in the world, and probably thrive. No one could doubt that with his exemplary correctness of life and readiness to serve others, he would be a useful member of society. But he was now settled for life, as a small farmer in a small place. To human eye there was no prospect that he could ever move in any other sphere, or be known beyond the limits of his own village. In this case as in multitudes of others, how strikingly was the saying verified, "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps!"

HIS ENTRANCE UPON THE MINISTRY.

In the year 1786, being excited by a sermon of the Rev. John Murray on the "Origin of Evil," he ventured to send what he had written to the press in the shape of a "Letter" to the Author. Of this act and its consequences he thus speaks in his autobiographical letters.

"Whatever may now be thought by myself or others, as to the prudence of my publishing that work, or as to the correctness of its sentiments, that effort unquestionably prepared the way for my being approbated and received as a preacher of the gospel. I had abundant reason to think that the work was highly approved by a number of the most distinguished ministers of the Hopkinsian denomination. Prior to publishing that pamphlet I had often thought of the ministry as a *desirable work*, but I had never thought of it with expectation that I should engage in it, till the subject was proposed by my friend Mr. Church. I had submitted to his inspection much of the little I had written on various subjects, and he was in the habit of using great freedom in his conversation with me. Near the close of one of our interviews, he put the question; whether I did not think of becoming a minister? The question was to me unexpected and surprising. I replied that I could not say I had never thought on the subject, but I had not thought of it as a thing attainable. He frankly expressed his opinion, that I might be more useful in that work than in any other. I stated what appeared to me very formidable objections. These he endeavored to obviate, and assured me that in his opinion, there would be no difficulty in my obtaining the approbation of the ministers of the association to which he belonged, and he moreover advised me to take the subject into serious consideration. With this advice I complied, and was for many months in doubt as to the path of duty. I conversed with some other ministers, and private friends, who seemed to encourage the object. The more I reflected, the more I was inclined to undertake the work, if it could be done with a prospect of usefulness. It was then and still is my opinion, that it is the duty of every Christian to seek for that situation in life in which he may probably be the most useful, or do the most good. After much reflection, I resolved to offer myself for examination. [1786] I readily obtained the approbation of ministers, and preached my first sermon at Boscawen in New Hampshire. From the time I began to preach, I was never refused the pulpit of any minister, either on account of my peculiar opinions, or on account of my want of a classical education.

Though I have never doubted the friendship or sincerity of those ministers, who advised and encouraged me to become a preacher; yet I have often doubted whether I could have given similar advice under similar circumstances. My want of education was great; I had a wife and three children who depended for support on the fruit of my labors; I was embarassed with debt, by having purchased a farm at an unfavorable time during the war; I had found no leisure for regular study; and when or where I should obtain regular employment as a preacher was altogether uncertain. When in later years I have seriously reflected on these several facts, it has seemed to me wonderful that wise men should have advised me to make the attempt to become a minister, and also wonderful that I was induced to comply with their advice. But doubtless God had some wise design in so ordering the event."

PUBLISHES BIBLE NEWS.

We have now arrived at the great turning point in Mr. Worcester's life. At the time of his removal to Salisbury in February, 1810, he was engaged in the publication of a book which announced the result of his studies and thoughts on the doctrine of the Trinity, and which became the occasion of his separation from the associates and scenes of his past life. This was no hasty or ill considered publication. It was the fruit of long, anxious, and deliberate inquiry. As long ago as the year 1796, in the 'Theological Magazine' for January and February of that year, he had published a series of questions, 'respecting the Personality of the Redeemer.' These questions, while they evinced a mind in a state of inquiry and asking for light, yet plainly indicated that it had become wholly alienated from the common doctrine of a tri-personal deity. From this time, the subject had been a topic of frequent conversation between Mr. Worcester and his brethren in the ministry; to whom, both individually and at meetings of associations, he read papers expository of the views he was inclined to adopt.—After so much and so protracted study and discussion, in the course of which his opinions went through considerable modifications before they assumed their final shape, and which occasioned no breach of fellowship with his brethren of the clergy, though some of them expressed great concern,—his mind being at length quite settled, he prepared and published his work.—It was entitled 'Bible News; or Sacred Truths relating to the Living God, his only Son, and Holy Spirit.'

It happened, as perhaps was natural, that those who were willing to continue their accustomed fellowship with him so long as his heretical opinions were confined to conversation and private discussion, felt themselves called upon to withdraw their countenance when he appeared as their public promulgator and defender. This seems to have been wholly unexpected to him, and was severely felt by him as a wound. His sensitive mind suffered keenly from the symptoms of coldness and alienation by which the publication was followed. This the rather surprised and grieved him, because he had received the highest marks of confidence from his brethren long after his heresies had been distinctly known to them. 'If at any time,' he said, 'they had cause to be offended on account of my sentiments, they had it many years ago.' It was eight years previous, that, with an express understanding of his heteredox tendency, he had been employed as first missionary of the New Hampshire Missionary Society, and had received a certificate so strongly recommendatory that he 'doubted whether it were consistent with becoming modesty to show or read it, unless credentials were demanded of him.' The discomfort which this occasioned him was great and lasting; and he found himself immediately engaged in conflict, not only with his former associates, but with the public. The Hopkinton Association, of which he was a member, passed a vote condemnatory of his book the following August; and in November was published 'An Address to the Churches in connexion with the General Association of New Hampshire, on the subject of the Trinity.'

After quoting some passages from his letter in reference to this work, and the studies and inquiries that led to it, Dr. Ware remarks:—

'What is especially interesting and instructive in these statements, is the evidence they afford of a devout and inquisitive mind, in the solitude of its own thoughts, without guidance, teaching, or advice from any Master in Israel, but dependent alone on its Bible and its prayers,—finding its way to interpretations of revelation widely different from those usually admitted in the Church;—and this in the midst of misgivings and alarms, in spite of prejudices against these interpretations so inwrought and violent as to render them odious, and to make all their advocates objects of distrust and suspicion;—in spite of the knowledge that to avow them, was to encounter obloquy, desertion, loss of influence, and probably exile. How interesting to look back to that lowly retreat, and see in imagination that fervent conscientious inquirer, fighting against the opposition of his own mind, the sacred associations of the past, the threatening evils of the future, the fears of friends, the anathema of the church,—yet steadily, resolutely giving heed to the scripture alone, and following where it leads in opposition to all the jarring voices of commentators and councils. The controversy in his own mind was not awakened from abroad; it was not carried on by help of the discussions that were going on in the community; it was finished with himself before it began with the country; he awakened the discussion, not the discussion him; and he came out from this solitary process—unscathed by the war that had been going on within—to give the world a new proof that it is possible to speak the truth in love in spite of the most adverse circumstances, and to retain the devotedness and sweetness of the Christian spirit though departing from the orthodoxy of the Christian faith.

As an argument for the correctness of the unitarian construction of Christian doctrine, I would not make too much of this, or any similar example;—as undoubtedly has been sometimes done;—for instances very nearly if not quite parallel have occurred in the passing of members of any one community of Christians to any other; and any church might be proved the true church, and any church false, if such reasoning were allowed. The true inference to be drawn, and that a most mighty and delightful one, is, that the essential vitality of Christianity does not lie in certain doctrinal dogmas; but that every faithful, devout, conscientious inquirer finds it, whatever may be the form in which his notions of certain dogmas rest. The great Father seems intentionally to show his children how worthless in his eyes are their notions and speculations on all those inaccessible subjects, by allowing their minds under the brightest illumination, and after the most earnest, laborious investigation, to find peace in the most opposite results. What a significant rebuke does this plain fact give to the arrogance of sectarianism!

It was with the profound consciousness of truth like this, that Mr. Worcester came out from his anxiety, his studies, his controversies, and his sorrows, with a liberality as wide as Christendom, and a modesty as gentle as his love of truth was strong, confident but not arrogant, and persuaded that Love, the Christian spirit, is better than the reception of doctrinal truth, his life became henceforth one living and perpetual plea for charity, and one uninterrupted protestation against any form of ill will, oppression, and dogmatism.

For the Register.

A SONG FOR MAY DAY.

Dedicated, with good wishes, to the Ladies of the Rev. Mr. Putnam's Society, Roxbury.

A song for the May! the bright young May!
That cometh with buds of hope to-day,
Her step is first in a flowery train,
Gladly we welcome her back again.
What shall we offer this bright May Day,
Our grateful tribute of praise to pay?
We'll aid the cause of the good and true,
Be our gifts many, or be they few;
A voice we'll send to the distant West,
To speak the Truth that Heaven hath blest;
The ark of the Lord, with heart and hand,

For the Register.

OBITUARIES.

MRS. BETSEY CARTER.

Died, in Leominster, Saturday April 20th, Mrs. Betsey Carter, wife of Capt. James Carter, aged 72.

It is an affecting spectacle to see an aged Christian after a life full of labor and trial, directed and controlled by strong and elevated views of duty, bringing all this experience into one array of solemn review at the conscious near approach of death. In the case of the pious friend whose name we have just given, all disputed doctrines, trying discipline of life, anxieties for children and friends, and fears for ultimate acceptance, passed into a holy and tranquil trust in the goodness of God and a sweet peace in believing in her Savior. She who united a clear, enlightened and comprehensive mind with a noble and expansive practical benevolence, prompt nay earnest to sacrifice, not only cherished possessions, but present ease to the wants of the unfortunate, now, knowing that she was given over by her physicians, lay surrounded by her children, in a most calm and Christian state, at peace with the world and feeling at peace with God. So serene and heavenly was her temper that one came out of her presence, not distressed, but tranquilized and elevated with pious faith. She seemed indeed already a beatified spirit, and to breathe upon us the sweet influences of the happy land.

Her discourse upon her present condition of imminent and daily expected dissolution, and upon the future world now drawing near her hopeful vision, was entirely free. Speaking of the doubts and fears which sometimes afflict Christians in their lives, she piously and acutely remarked, that it was so ordered, she thought, that they might be more watchful and earnest to secure their salvation. She felt, she said, all unbound from earth, from all its ties—the husband, bosom companion for fifty years, numerous children and grandchildren, in all of whom she had always taken a most active and absorbing and affectionate interest. There was a pious sublimity in her spirit as of a strong mind rising to meet a great crisis, but yet composed and constantly sustained day after day. It was faith signally triumphant in death. Taking leave of the writer, a few days before her decease, she said with a most affectionate and tender tone, and a trustfulness inexpressibly exalted and exalting, 'It will not be long before we shall see each other again.' In the same confidence and hope full of immortality she said at another time that her children would soon one after another come to join her. Daily her bodily strength perceptibly failed; but her trust in her Savior and her God, her spiritual peace, clearness and power passed on undimmed and undiminished to the border of eternity, and with scarcely an interval, we may believe, into the heavenly rest. This great lesson of a pious and hopeful death was alone wanting to complete the religious instructions and Christian examples which she had inwrought amidst the very fibres of her children's souls, and which shed a happy and improving influence over all her social circle.

W. H. B.

MRS. REBECCA BIGELOW,

Died, in Cambridgeport, Mass. on the 3d instant, Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Benjamin Bigelow, Esq., aged 77 years 7 months and 7 days, venerable for her age, and venerated for her virtues. Though subject to debility and disease, through most of her long life, yet she was surpassed by few in fidelity to domestic duties, or in sympathy and aid to the sick and infirm. She endured affliction with humility and submission. She enjoyed prosperity without arrogance or ingratitude. Though surrounded by friends, as she often said with overflowing gratitude, 'wanting nothing to render the evening of life happy, her chief joy was in that Savior whom she had followed for many years, and whose cause always found in her a warm advocate.

Having survived a large family of brothers and sisters, and lived to see her own descendants to the third generation, she fell asleep, at peace with God and man. [Com.

'Brother Miller.' So writes the worthy and judicious editor of the New York Baptist Register. We are bound to presume that he has some good reasons for *brothering* such a man, but for the life of us we cannot tell what they are. [Christian Watchman.

The last Watchman from which we took the above article, gives a brief account of a theory of the Second Advent recently broached by Rev. Elon Galusha, in which he says to his Advent brethren, 'Fix not your faith on March or April, but on the Jewish year 1843, which, should it prove to be the civil instead of the sacred year, may extend to September. But be instantly and constantly ready, as we have no assurance of another day. We have evidently entered upon the last year of prophetic time, and can see nothing beyond but the eternal state.'

Of this the Watchman says:

So Mr. Galusha, a fallible man, even as others, and whose fallibility has been so often and so mortifyingly exhibited, undertakes to say that the world will not continue beyond September! He closes with an address to the impenintent, but to us it is a mournful scene to contemplate; for as far as it has any influence, it must lead to skepticism and to hardened unbelief.

Sing Sing Prison. A new matron, Mrs. Farnham, has been recently appointed to take charge of the department of female convicts. The fitness, and the probable advantages that may result from the appointment may be judged of from the following paragraph taken from the New York Evening Post, headed by the name Mrs. Farnham.

This accomplished and benevolent lady, who was recently appointed matron at the Sing Sing prison, has met with the greatest success in her attempts to introduce a more judicious discipline among the inmates of the establishment. At the outset, she met with considerable opposition from several of the more refractory spirits, but by a uniform course of kindness and decision, was soon enabled to acquire the control of the prisoners. It is a fortunate thing that the state has been able to procure such a wise and efficient person for so difficult an office.

The Carlyle School of Men and Women Writers. An able writer in the last number of the "North American Review" makes some sensible remarks upon *American Literature*, which, he considers in many respects under very unfortunate influences, alluding particularly to the faults of *affectation* and *imitation* which particularly encumber and injure it. These vices have arisen from the German school, and have struck deep and spread wide throughout our borders. In this connection, we cannot help admiring the annexed remarks upon *Carlyle* and the '*Orphic Sayings*,' undeniable true as they seem to us, and worthy of the rational, wholesome, and sound-thinking 'North American:'

'We all remember when Mr. Carlyle's whimsical peculiarities made their first appearance, and the effect they had at once upon the servile tribe of imitators. Mr. Carlyle is a man of genius, learning, and humane tendencies; his brilliant thoughts often break through the ragged clouds of his most absurd phraseology, and make us grieve, that an author capable of writing so well should write so execrably; should spoil the effect of his fine powers by the paltry folly of imitating so bad a model as Jean Paul Richter; an 'original' writer who kept a commonplace book of odd expressions and far-fetched figures, which he embroidered on the ground of his natural style. The study of German became an epidemic about the time that Carlyle broke out; the two disorders aggravated each other, and ran through all the stages incident to literary affectation, until they assumed their worst form and common sense breathed its last, as the 'Orphic Sayings' came—those most unmeaning and witless effusions—we cannot say of the brain, for the smallest modicum of brains would have rendered their appearance an impossibility—but of mere intellectual inanity.

Thus Carlyle rejected his own early and manly English style, to imitate in English a bad German model. The American Carlyle tribe imagined they were doing a wise and brilliant thing, by imitating the second-hand absurdities of an imitator, mistaking these borrowed follies for great originalities, and forgetting that affectation is the deadliest poison to the growth of sound literature. Similar affectations have made their appearance at other times and in other nations. The Euphuists were not quite so ridiculous as the Transcendentalists; the metaphysical poets were men of learning and genius, highly admired in their day for the very vices which have sunk them into complete oblivion now; but in all their writings more learning and genius were expended—incomparably more—than have as yet been embodied in the school of American affectations.'

Not less true than the above, is a brief but forcible passage relating not only to American men, but American *women*, upon whom the well-being of society materially depends, and to whose consideration we would emphatically recommend the good sense of the following lines: 'Yet, among the American Euphuists are several men of really fine genius and respectable acquirements, and some *very amiable women*, who would adorn society, if they would consent to be themselves, and to clear their heads of cant. But being possessed of the demon of affectation, they strive to set themselves apart from the common herd, imagine that they are inhabitants of a sublimated ether, and look down with pitying contempt on all who profess an inability to detect a meaning in their vapid and mystical jargon.'

In admirable keeping with the foregoing, is the following brief extract:

'The individual mind, once possessed with the idea, that it is animated by a spirit which does not condescend to enlighten others, that it has loftier views of society, or a wider and more comprehensive philanthropy, than others, runs the great danger of mistaking the suggestions of vanity for the dictates of conscience; of cultivating singularity for the sake of making the beholder wonder, and of procuring the gratification of self-conceit by being pointed out in the streets and public places. The feeling is very apt to be the same as that by which persons are almost always animated, who adopt a peculiar costume, and cultivate oddity of personal appearance. Feeble imitations and affectations, of the same general description, though differing in species, are to be seen on every side—outward indications of the same vices which have emasculated so much both of the prose and poetry of our literature.

Extraordinary Proceeding. The New York Tribune says:

We understand that suits have been commenced by gentlemen in this city against the Postmaster General and one or two of his subordinates for illegally opening letters passing through the United States Mail. It is alleged, we believe, that the letters were opened by the Government agents for the purpose of ascertaining something in relation to the Private Mail—an affair, as it seems likely to turn out, with which they had no more right to interfere than with the private correspondence of the Man in the Moon. This breaking open private letters is a matter which should be *looked into*—although the letters should *not*.'

This is certainly a most extraordinary proceeding on the part of the Post Office Department, and if there be, as we suppose there is, a severe penalty attached to such an offence, those guilty ought to be made to suffer to the utmost extent.

Mr. Colt's Sub-Marine Battery. The experiments with Colt's Sub-Marine Battery took place this afternoon, as announced in the the city papers, in the Eastern Branch of the Potomac, between the Arsenal and the Navy Yard.

A large number of spectators, estimated at about ten thousand, had collected to witness the experiments, lining the bank of the river for a long distance.

At 5 o'clock the ship was put in sailing condition, her sails squared to the wind, which was fair for the occasion, and at a given signal from Lt. Boyle, who commanded her, the cable was slipped and the vessel started on her course. When within about fifty yards of the spot where the batteries were placed, the captain and crew left the ship. Near the time of her starting, a most beautiful *jet d'eau* was thrown up at some distance from the vessel, the water ascending more than one hundred feet, as a signal for Colt's readiness for operation. The first battery in the range of those intended for the destruction of the ship, exploded a short distance from her larboard bow; the second was much nearer, and the third took effect immediately under her foremast, throwing the bow of the vessel probably ten feet above the water level, and shattering to atoms all that portion of the forward of the mainmast. The remainder sank to the bottom in one minute, leaving a small portion of the stern out of water.

In conclusion of the exhibition, a signal rocket was sent up, and the multitude was gratified with the display of a second magnificent *jet d'eau* which must have thrown the water an hundred and fifty feet into the air. From this column, by the last rays of the setting sun, was reflected all the beautiful colors of the rainbow.

The experiment was entirely successful, as Mr. Colt accomplished all he designed by way of exhibiting the destructive properties of his Sub-Marine Battery, and the entire accuracy with which it can be managed and controlled.

[Cor. Bost. Daily Adv.

The Post Office Department. The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says, some idea of the extent of business performed in the General Post Office Department may be had from the fact that, at the lettings of the mail contracts, which commenced on the 3d instant, there were 7,597 bids opened in the presence of the Postmaster General and his First Assistant Postmaster General, or in the presence of two Assistant Postmaster Generals, and each bid, with accompanying papers, was marked by them with their *initials*, conformably to law. Each paper was then examined, folded, and the substance of its contents endorsed thereon—then re-examined—filed under its respective number—recorded in the route register and decided by the Postmaster General *within the space of twelve days!* The number of bids received from Pennsylvania were 2,450; from the States of New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, 700; and from the State of Ohio, 4,447, making in the aggregate the number above mentioned. The Postmaster General will realize, it is said, a decrease in the expenditures of his Department of some fifty thousand dollars per annum, under this letting.

St. Domingo. Capt. Hurd, of brig Jacob Story, as we learn from the Merchants' Exchange books, arrived yesterday morning from Aux Cayes 27th ult., states that the city of Aux Cayes was in great consternation for the week previous to his sailing from there, on account of an expected insurrection of the blacks, on the plains of Aux Cayes, by an arrest of one of their number on the 20th. He confessed that it was the intention of the blacks to burn and pillage that city, and massacre the inhabitants.

The National Guards have been on duty every night. On the 26th, the commanding officer of the place, received information that the negroes were marching for the city, and many of the inhabitants commenced removing their effects on board of the shipping in the harbor. The U. S. Consular Agent removed on board the American schr. Wm. Wilson, Capt. Raker, at 1 o'clock, A. M., with his effects.—The negroes, it is supposed, received information through some of their spies in the city, that the place was well defended, which prevented the premeditated attack.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Saturday, April 13.

The Senate was not in session.

The House, on motion of Mr. McKay, resolved into committee of the whole on the army appropriation bill. Mr. McKay moved to reduce the appropriations so as to carry out the provisions of the recently passed retrenching bill, upon which a warm debate sprang up, diverging as usual into political questions, general and particular. The committee rose without taking any question, and the House adjourned at an early hour, so that members might go and see Mr. Colt blow up the ship of 500 tons.

[Correspondence of Commercial Advertiser.]

Washington, Monday, 3 o'clock.

The Texas Treaty.

I am enabled to give you the leading provisions of the treaty of annexation with Texas.

The treaty is very brief and explicit, and easily understood; and the documents accompanying it are not voluminous.

The treaty provides for no assumption of the debts of Texas, beyond the amount of the proceeds of the sale of her lands, which are transferred to the United States.

The country is annexed simply as a territory of the United States, and not as a state.

The subject of Slavery is left open, and it will depend on Congress whether Texas shall be admitted into the Union as a State or not, and upon what terms.

The treaty is to be ratified within thirty days, by the United States, or it is to be no longer binding on either of the contracting parties.

In Senate, to-day, several memorials against the annexation of Texas were presented; also against any modification of the present tariff.

Mr. Choate resumed and concluded his brilliant speech in support of the tariff of 1842, and the protective system generally.

Tuesday, April 16.

In Senate, on Tuesday, the Post Office Bill was taken up, and most of the day given to the subject. A proposition to abolish the franking privilege entirely was rejected, 35 to 5!

An amendment was adopted, increasing the rates of postage only 50 instead of 100 per cent after, for each additional 1-4 oz. of the half or paying the fixed rate of postage.

In the House a warm debate arose on the presentation by Mr. Cranston, of the Resolutions of the Rhode Island Legislature. There was great excitement and confusion, and loud complaints were made against the speaker.

Wednesday, April 17.

In Senate, the morning hour was occupied in the presentation of memorials and petitions.

In the House, Mr McKay presented a bill for the support of the Post Office Department for the fiscal year; also, a bill from the Senate, with amendments, which were appropriately referred.

Mr. Collamer offered a resolution for the printing of 10,000 extra copies of the report of the Committee of Manufactures, upon which a debate arose of an explanatory character, in which Messrs. Collamer, C. J. Ingersoll, White and Weller took part. The Speaker then decided that, under the rules, the resolution would have to go over, because it was for the printing of extra numbers.

Mr. Vance reported a Senate bill in relation to the northern boundary line of Ohio and Wisconsin. Mr. Parmenter, from the committee on Naval Affairs, asked to be discharged from the further consideration of a memorial in relation to a dry dock in Florida, and other subjects, which were agreed to. Mr. Barringer, from the same committee, made an adverse report, which was laid upon the table. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll reported a bill in relation to French spoliations prior to 1800. Mr. Dromgoole called for the reading of the bill; and it was read by the clerk, and referred to the committee on Foreign relations.

Mr. White presented a bill for the settlement of the claim of Richard W. Meade; which was appropriately referred. Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, offered a resolution, calling upon the President for the reasons why the sum of $4,000, which had been appropriated by an act of Congress, had not been paid to Jeremiah Smith; which was agreed to. Various other reports, of minor importance, were presented and appropriately referred. The House then took up the Harbor bill, and Mr. Douglass, of Illinois, advocated its passage, and opposed the views of those who were opposed to its passage.

Thursday, April 18.

In Senate. Mr. Tappan presented numerous memorials from different parts of Ohio, remonstrating against the annexation of Texas to the Union.

Mr. Archer presented a memorial from Fredericksburg, Va., in behalf of the present Tariff. A like memorial was presented by Mr. Crittenden from citizens of Pennsylvania. Mr. C. said, he took pleasure in presenting the petition, and in *repeating his assurance that the Senate would not consent to any change in the Tariff, at the present session of Congress.*

In the House. Mr. Adams gave notice that at 3 o'clock this day, he would present the Camp-Chest of General Washington to the Congress of the United States.

A bill was reported to erect Marine Hospitals at Portland, Me., New Bedford, Mass., and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Mr. McKay gave notice that on Monday next, he would give one additional effort upon his Bill to reduce the Tariff. He would then move to go into Committee of the Whole, and he gave this notice in order that gentlemen on all sides might be apprised of his intentions, both absent and present. If his motion was then unsuccessful, he should consider it decisive of the opinion of the majority of the House, and should make no further effort to procure action upon the Bill, as he had no desire to waste the time of the House.

The House then resumed the discussion of the Western Harbor and River Appropriation Bill—and after a sharp debate, in the course of which a scene of much confusion ensued, and much violent language was indulged in by some of the Western members—the vote was finally taken, and the bill was *rejected*, by a vote of 84 yeas to 102 nays.

A motion was made by Mr. Duncan to reconsider the vote.

Friday, April 19.

The business done in each House was unimportant.

The hour of three having arrived, all business was at once suspended, and the House proceeded to the ceremony of the presentation by Mr. Adams, of a good sized, leather bound. and brass-fastened box, which, it is represented, contained Gen. Washington's victuals and drink, during his service in the field.

The occasion had drawn together a brilliant audience of ladies and their attendants, and others, which filled the galleries, while the floor of the House was nearly filled by members, Senators and privileged strangers. Several letters were read, setting forth the circumstances under which the chest was presented to Congress. It was a bequest from Mr. Wilder of Maryland, by whose will Mr. Adams was designated as the person by whom he desired it to be presented.

In Senate. The camp chest of Washington was presented, and the Joint Resolutions of the House concurred in. Mr. Pierce, of Md., made a very beautiful address on the occasion.

The Post Office bill was called up and postponed.

The Tariff Resolutions were again called up. Mr. Bagby yielded the floor to Silas Wright, who addressed the Senate at length on the subject of a Protective Tariff.

Numerous memorials were presented against the annexation of Texas.

In the House. A resolution to print 10,000 extra copies of the report on the Tariff from the Committee of Manufactures, was rejected.

Mr. Adams submitted the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature against the annexation of Texas.

On motion of Mr. McKay, the secretaries of war and navy were directed to communicate to the House whether the combustible agent used by Mr. Colt was a secret before he made it known at the seat of government, and whether the mode of its application to harbor defence be new, and if new what objections there are against its adoption.

Saturday, April 20.

The Senate was not in session.

In the House. Mr. Stephens presented resolutions of the Legislature of Ga., in reply to the Mass. resolutions to exclude by amendment of the Constitution the representation of slaves, denouncing such amendment as a violation of the compromises of the Constitution.—A motion of Mr. S.'s to appoint a select Committee on the subject was rejected; and the resolutions were laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

The Western river bill was taken up and Mr. Tibbats continued the debate in exposition of the views of the Democratic party on Internal Improvements.

The debate was continued by Messrs. Cullom of Tennessee, and Daniels of North Carolina.

Monday, April 22.

In Senate. The morning hour was occupied in the presentations of petitions and memorials; which was all the business done, at the time our paper went to press.

In the House. After the reading of the Journal of Saturday, Mr. J. R. Ingersoll gave notice of his intention to introduce several bills. Mr. Clinch gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill in relation to the claims of Georgia, which was objected to. Mr. Stenrod called for the orders of the day, and the Speaker announced the first business in order to be to reconsider the vote by which the bill was passed, making appropriations for the Western harbors and rivers. The motion to reconsider was decided in the negative—yeas 73, nays 111.

Mr. McKay then demanded the yeas and nays upon his motion to suspend the rules, which were ordered, and the following is the result:—yeas 104, nays 94. So the rules were suspended, and Mr. Hopkins was called to the Chair, and the Committee took up the tariff bill. No action had been had on the bill when the mail left.

Later from Canton. By the Natchez, arrived at New York, 19th, 94 days from Canton, the Jonrnal of Commerce has received a file of the Hong Kong Regisier to the 14th of January inclusive.

The Natchez sailed for Valparaiso June 24th, and has been round the world in nine months and twenty-six days—one month and eight days of which she was detained on the coast of South America.

H. M. ship Castor arrived here on the 27th ult., having on board Major Gen. D. Aguilar, the new commander in chief of the British forces in China.

We have been favored with a perusal of a letter from Shanghai, of date the 1st December.—Trade was rather dull. Suspicions were entertained that the trade was not thrown open to all inhabitants according to the terms of the treaty. There seems to be much reason to believe that there is a strong disposition prevalent among the Chinese authorities, in some way or other, to squeeze out additional revenue from the parties engaged in trading with us.

An unfortunate occurrence threatened to cause the foreigh residents to be put under more restraint than they had before experienced.—Two Chinese boys had been brought to the consulate severely wounded in the face with small shot, and one of them having lost his sight.—The consul has in consequence published an injunction to discontinue for the present the use of fire arms; and the mandarins had applied to the consul to have the limits defined, beyond which foreigners should not pass. This is the more to be regretted, as almost no restriction had formerly been imposed upon their movements.

Intelligence from Amoy of date Jan. 5, is to the effect that sickness to a dreadful extent was prevalent at Kolungsz. During the last month there had been 486 cases admitted into the hospital though the strength of the garrison amounted only to 476.

There are at present lying off the harbor three junks which have brought cargoes of camphor from Formosa. They have brought a thousand pounds of camphor from Hap-ma-lan, a town situated near the northern extremity of the island and containing about twenty thousand inhabitants. They represent their native district as producing in abundance sugar and rice, and the interior of the island as abounding with large forest trees and inhabited by aborigines who wear no clothing, subsist chiefly by hunting, and procure their fire arms and powder from the Chinese. They cultivate rice to a small extent for the purpose of distillation, and are extremely fond of ardent spirits. They lead a wandering life, but never venture into the Chinese settlements; they speak a language peculiar to themselves, but have no books. They say that rice is selling there for $1 75 per pecul, white sugar at $5 per pecul, and camphor about $30.

An opium clipper at Canton from Bombay reports that our ambassador, Hon. Caleb Cushing, had arrived there, and taken passage in the Brandywine for Canton.

The overland mail from England had not arrived when the Natchez sailed.

The emperor had pardoned several officers condemned to death for having run away in the face of the enemy. The officers through whose neglect the dikes had given way, and the inundation so fatal and so distressing to a part of the empire had ensued, are to be executed.

The latest dates from the United States at Hong Kong were of 17th July.

The American bark Valparaiso arrived at Hong Kong from the eastern coast on 6th January. On the 4th, the Frederick Warren sailed for Manilla.

Death by Hydrophobia. A more melancholy instance of death by hydrophobia we have never heard than that which we have unhappily to notice. The victim was Miss Anna Delacour, eldest daughter of the respected treasurer of the county, Mr. James Delacour, of Sunnyhill. She was in her eighteenth year, would have completed it, indeed, on the 1st of May. She had, unfortunately, a pet dog; and remarking, about the end of January, that the dog did not seem well, she asked her father to look to him. He did so, and on communicating with an uncle of the young lady, they suspected that the animal was mad: but, without imparting their suspicion to Miss Delacour, they said they would put him into a warm bath. On hearing this, the nature of the malady seems to have struck her, for she instantly observed, "If the dog is mad, it is all over with me, for he has licked my lip, and there is a slight sore on it." The dog, on the day he was put into the bath, died; but nothing that could excite apprehension occurred in the case of Miss Delacour, and she continued until Wednesday last her affectionate attendance on her grandfather and two other aged relatives. On that day, however, she became indisposed, and Dr. W. Galway, of Mallow, was called in. The indisposition increasing, a messenger was despatched to Cork, for Dr. Edward Townsend, who had been in attendance on the other invalid. About five or six o'clock in the evening the character of the malady was unequivocally displayed. Paroxysms came on, recurring from time to time with great violence, until half-past three on Thursday evening, that is about twenty-five hours from the first indication of illness, when she expired. [Cork paper.

Resignation of Governor Shannon. Governor Shannon has resigned the Executive office, in consequence of being confirmed by the Senate as Minister to Mexico. Thomas W. Bartley, Speaker of the Senate now becomes Governor by virtue of the Constitution, and will be here in a few days to enter upon the discharge of his duties. [Columbus (Ohio) Statesman.

The Texas Question. The following paragraph appeared in the Government paper of Saturday, and escaped our attention until we found it transferred to another paper:

"Had Mr. Tyler doubted the favorable consideration of the Senate, he could readily have avoided the necessity of a two-thirds vote; he could long since have carried the measure by a joint resolution; a very few days would have sufficed for that. But Mr. Tyler's respect for the constitutional privileges of the Senate, forbade a course which might be construed to reflect upon that body. He preferred submitting to their patriotism and to their good judgments, for their sanction and approval, a measure from which perpetual streams of prosperity will flow."

So it seems that the President has determined to submit the "Treaty of Annexation" to the Senate only out of "respect to the constitutional privileges of the Senate," but for which *he* would have *carried the measure by a joint resolution!* "A very few days would have sufficed for *that*." Really! It seems that this President of ours has so sovereign a power over the national destiny, that he can carry treaties into effect, "*independently of the constitutional privileges of the Senate.*"

Who knows but this very *treaty* of his, instead of being sent to the Senate for its consent and advice, is yet to be submitted by an Executive message to both Houses, in order to be made "a joint resolution of," and the constitutional requisition of a two-thirds vote be thus avoided!

We do not know what others may think of this matter, but, in our apprehension, the news of such an outrage, meditated, having succeeded, would be the knell of constitutional government. [Nat. Intelligencer.

County Commissioners for Middlesex County. Whole uumber of votes, 7808; necessary for a choice, 3905; Timothy Fletcher, Esq., has 5794; Josiah Adams, Esq., 5267; Josiah B. French, Esq., 4731, and are chosen.

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL NOTICE! The next Semi-annual Meeting of the Middlesex Sunday School Society will take place at Watertown, on the third Wednesday (15th) of May. The Society will meet at 10 o'clock A. M., at the vestry of Rev. Mr. Weiss's church. The meeting in the morning is essentially a *teacher's meeting*, for the free interchange of thought and sentiment of the teachers of the various Societies. In the afternoon there will be a sermon by Rev. Mr. Newell, of Cambridge, after which such addresses and discussions as the spirit of the meeting shall call forth. Clergymen and superintendents are requested to give suitable notices in their Parishes and Schools. All interested in the Saobath School are invited to attend.

By order of the Committee,

ap27 B. FROST, Sec'y.

☞ NOTICE TO AUXILIARY ASSOCIATIONS. The Auxiliary Associations are requested to make their annual payments to the Treasurer of the A. U. A., Henry P. Fairbanks, Esq., corner of Milk and Kilby streets, on or before the 20th of May.

C. BRIGGS, Gen. Sec. A. U. A.

ap27 t20thM

☞ J. B. GOUGH, ON MAY DAY FESTIVAL, Will address the Cold Water Army (3000 children,) on May Day, at 2 o'clock, in Tremont Temple. Singing of a most interesting character by the Girl's and Boy's. His farewell for the present, will take place on Thursday evening at same place. For the *last Sabbath evening*, Mr. Gough will be at the Odeon, on the 28th.

M. GRANT, Pres. Bos. Temp. Soc'y.

F. R. Woodward, Sec'y. ap27

☞ NOTICE. The 'Middlesex North Association' will meet at the house of Rev Mr Chandler, of Shirley, on Wednesday, May 1st, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

ap13 JOSEPH C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ MAY MORNING BREAKFAST & FAIR. The Ladies of Rev Mr Putnam's Society, in Roxbury, propose having a Breakfast and Fair, on May Morning, at a spacious building of S. Perkins, Esq, on Washington street, in aid of destitute societies and for Missionary objects. They solicit contributions of Flowers, Fancy articles, &c. from the Unitarian Societies in Boston and vicinity.

N. B. Tickets may be procured at the Bookstores of James Munroe & Co. and William Crosby, Washington street. ap27

MARRIAGES.

In this city, April 17, by Rev J. T. Sargent, Mr Vincent P. Sylveira to Miss Mary M. Welsh.

April 18, by the same, Mr Matthew Winneberger to Miss Eliza Ann Tirrell.

April 22, by Rev R. C. Waterston, Mr George Melville to Mrs Frances Ann Hervey.

April 23, by the same, Mr Joshua Hooper of Castine, to Mrs Margaret T. Waldron of Boston.

April 18, Mr John C. Thomas of Charlestown, to Miss Mary E. Bryant of this city.

In Salem, by Rev Mr Banvard, Mr Joel G. Fogg to Miss Mary A. Putnam.

In Beverly, 18th inst, Mr Isaac W. Baker to Miss Lydia S. Larcom.

In Brookline, 16th inst, Rev Luther F. Beecher of Portland, Me, to Miss Mary S., daughter of the late Dea Jonathan Carleton of Boston.

In Thomaston, Me, Parker McCobb, Jr. Esq, Cashier of the Medomak Bank, Waldoboro', to Miss Eliza G. Balch of Haverhill, Mass.

In Jefferson city, Mo, 5th inst, Mr P. H. Willard, of Chilicothe, Ill, formerly of Lowell, Ms, to Miss Elizabeth Goodrich, of St Louis, formerly of Pittsfield, Vt.

DEATHS.

In this city, 16th inst, Ignatius Sargent, Jr, 8 years, son of Ignatius Sargent, Esq.

In Charlestown, 21st inst, Mr John Badger, 47.

19th inst, Catharine, youngest daughter of Mr Jeremy Wilson, 19.

In Hingham, 16th inst, Jotham Lincoln, Esq, 62.

In Millbury, Asa Andrews, MD. 24.

In Cohasset, Mrs Mary Mann, 81.

In North Hadley, widow Patience Washburne, 99.

In Framingham, Mr Perkins Boynton, 62. While at work he fell senseless and expired without a groan or struggle.

In Lexington, 22d inst, Miss Elizabeth Clark, daughter of the late Rev Jonas Clark, 80.

In Haverhill, (West Parish) 21st inst, Arthur W. Haynes, 20.

In Lowell, 19th inst, Miss Clarissa Coburn, 27.

In Livermore, Me, 3d inst, Mr Thomas Chase, 88, a pensioner of the revolution.

In New Durham, NH., Feb 21, Polly, wife of Mr Samuel Willey, 64; March 3, her husband, Mr Samuel Willey, 70; March 4, Mrs Sally Willey, 30; 7th, Mrs Charity Willey, 88—sisters of said Samuel Willey, all in one neighborhood.

In Candia, NH, 17th ult., Moses Turner, 90. He was the first male child born in Candia, and the oldest man in town at the time of his death. He joined the army early in the struggle for independence, and served his country long and faithfully.

In Montpelier, Vt, Mr Wm Alger, 23. Accidentally killed in a fox hunt by the discharge of his musket, loaded with shot, the muzzle on which he was leaning being under the hollow of his arm. He lingered a fortnight, and was then seized with the lock-jaw. He was to have been married the next week.

At his residence in Buffalo, 20th ult, George G. Kingman, Esq, a native of East Bridgewater, Ms.

Old Sunday School Depository. At the store of the Subscriber, may be found the following new Books for Sunday School and Juvenile Libraries.

Sabbath Day Book, new edition.
Willie Rogers.
Tales Kings of England, 2 parts.
Birgley's Stories about Travellers.
Naturalist's Rambles.
Stories for Adelaide.
Mrs. Leicester's School.
Flowers of the Forest.
My Sunday School Class.
Words in a Sunday School.
Rose Bud.
Minister's Family.
Young Merchant.
Happy Hours.
Ways and Ends.
My Native Village.
Christmas Tales.
Teacher's Gift.
Boys' and Girls' Magazine.
Memoir of Elizabeth Carter.
Natural History, 3 vols, col'd. plates.

N. B. The attention of Clergymen and others is invited to the new and beautiful Hymn Book, now ready, entitled the 'Boston Sunday School Hymn Book revised.' Though the good old name of this Hymn Book is retained, it has undergone a thorough change, and many new Hymns added. Also 'Devotional Exercises.' B. H. GREENE, 124 Washington street.

ap27

39TH EDITION GREENWOOD'S HYMNS. A Co lection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship. Thirty-ninth edition just published, and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st, at 62½ cents single, fresh binding.

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On Wednesday, May 1st, will be issued,—The Christian Examiner and Religious Miscellany. Edited by Rev

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

'Tis sweet to think the friends who loved us here,
Who knew our every thought, each hope, each fear,
Are still around us and to them is given,
To lead our footsteps to their home in heaven.

And once amid the lonely hours of night,
(My sense shut to all of mortal sight,)
My spirit's vision as if by magic wand
Enlarged its powers, and low the spirit land.

I stood on earth, (methought,) and at my feet
Flowed murmuring waters—pure and sweet
As Truth itself, when strangely to my view,
A group arose, and *one* there was I knew.

I knew him when in infancy he smiled,
And many a weary hour that little child
Had helped beguile; no wonder then my joy,
To see once more, my loved, but absent boy.

And when I saw him last, Death's hand had touched
His once fair brow—this sweet voice was hushed;
But now a rosy cherub, bright and fair,
He lives an angel with his mother there.

Towards the Earth in search he bent his view
And seemed to look for one he never knew.
I knew *him* well, those sparkling eyes of jet—
His absent child a father can't forget.

And over head a star was shining fair
And yet it gave not light—no night was there,
A heavenly influence came, and seemed to pour,
Joy through my soul—I never knew before.

And where this holy influence sent its sphere,
Land, rocks, and trees shone out as bright and clear
As crystal shines—and this to me
Spoke much of Love, but more of purity.

And oft o'er 'memory's waste,' in sorrows night
May that bright star burst sweetly on my sight,
And to my boy, this angel task be given,
To guide his father to that group in Heaven.

J. S. W.

[For the Register.]

Sovereign Judge of all our race!
Source divine of truth and grace!
To Thine altar undefiled,
Comes Thy weak and erring child!

Open to Thy searching view,
Lie my deeds and motives too.
See my weakness and my wo
Thou alone canst fully know.

Dost thou see the stain of sin
Marring thy fair work within,
Speak the pardoning word forgive!
In Thy strength alone I live.

Hath my heart a secret shrine,
Hallowed not by love divine,
Let its holiest incense be
Consecrated, Lord! to Thee!

With a hope alike serene
Mid life's sad or joyous scene;
With a faith sustained by prayer,
Let me all life's burden bear.

Soon earth's varied scenes shall close;
Death shall bring my soul repose.
When all earthly ties are riven,
Be my portion then in heaven.

Keene, N. H. Y. L. E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIRGINIA:
—THE—
LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

'Six for a fip! Six for a fip! Matches! matches!' The voice was clear and glad as a bird's, and Russell Hartley turned to see from whence it proceeded; a little bare-footed girl, about ten years old, with the sunniest, sweetest face he had ever seen, was tripping just behind, and as he turned, she held up her matches, with such a winning, pleading, heavenly smile in her blue eyes, that he bought nearly all she had at once.

Her fair hair fell in soft, light waves rather than curls, nearly to her waist, and a hole in her little straw hat let in a sunbeam upon it that turned it half to gold.

In spite of the child's coarse and tattered apparel, in spite of her lowly occupation, her step, her expression, the very tones of her voice, unconsciously betrayed a native delicacy and refinement, which deeply interested the high-bred youth whom she addressed. Impelled by an irresistible impulse, he lingered by her side as she proceeded. 'What is your name, my child?' he asked.

'Virginia, sir. What is yours?'

'Hartley — Russell Hartley,' he replied, smiling at her artless and native simplicity; and where is your home?'

'Oh! I have no home, at least not much of one. I sleep in the barns about here, and again she looked up in his face with her happy and touching smile.

'And your mother?'

In an instant the soft brow was shadowed, and the uplifted eyes glistened with tears.

'I will tell you all about it if you will come close to me. I don't like to talk loud about it;' she replied in low and faltering tones.

Russell Hartley took her little sun-burnt hand in his, and bent his head in earnest attention.

'We had been in the great ship ever so many days, father and mother and I, and all the other people, and one night we were in the room they call the Ladies' Cabin, and mother had just undressed me, and I was sitting on her knee singing the little hymn she taught me, and she had her arm round my neck—mother loved me—oh, so dearly, and she was so sweet and good!—nobody will ever be so good to me again!' and here the little creature tried to repress a sob, and wiped her eyes with her torn apron. 'Well, and so I was just singing my pretty hymn,

'I'll know no fear when danger's near,
I'm safe on sea or land,
For I've in heaven a Father dear,
And He will hold my hand.'

All at once there was a dreadful, confused sound; a rumbling, crashing, shrieking noise—a terrible pain, and then I woke up, and there I was on a bed, in a strange room, and some people standing by the fire, talking about a steamboat that had burst her boiler the day before, and I found that I had been washed on shore, and that Mr. Smith had found me and taken me home to his wife, and she had put me into a warm bed, and tried to rouse me, but she could'nt till I awoke up myself the next day. And when I cried for my own sweet mother they looked sad, and said she was drowned, and I should never see her again! And then I wanted to be drowned too, but they said that was wicked, and I was sorry I said so, for I would not be wicked for the world. Mother always loved to have me good, and so I tried to be happy as they told me I must; but I could'nt, for a great while—I used to pine so at night for her dear arms round me. At last I found a little comfort in doing just as I knew she would like to have me, and in knowing she could see me still, and in talking to her. And I used to sing my little hymn to her up in heaven, just as I did when I sat on her knee, and I sing it now every night. Mr. Smith and his wife both died, and left me all alone again; but I am hardly ever sad now, for I am almost always good, and you know good people must not be unhappy,' and the beautiful loving smile shone again through her lingering tears, as she finished her imple story.

Russell was touched to the heart. His own eyes were moist, and bending down, he kissed the innocent cheek of the little orphan, and bade her go with him and he would give her money to clothe and feed herself.

But the child drew gently, yet somewhat proudly back, and said earnestly, 'Oh! I never take money as a gift; mother would not like it.' Then kissing tenderly the gentle hand that still held hers, she tripped lightly round a corner, and a moment after, Hartley heard her soft, silvery, childish treble, far in the distance singing, 'Matches, matches! Six for a fip! Who'll buy my matches!—matches, ho!'

Russell Hartley kept that sweet picture in his soul, undimmed through years of travel and care. He visited with enthusiasm the noble galleries of painting and sculpture in England, France and Italy, and many a gem of art was enshrined and hallowed in the mosaic tablets of memory, but there was none to rival the gem of nature—the matchless little match girl of Kentucky, with her fair hair streaming on her scanty red cloak, the glad and innocent smile in her childish eyes, and the lovely sunbeam streaming thro' the hole in the old straw hat, to light, as with a message from Heaven, the lovely head of the orphan girl. The beautiful ray of light, made more beautiful by its chosen resting place, giving and receiving grace!—it seemed a symbol of the Father's love for the poor little motherless wanderer. It was only the *hole* in the hat that let in the sunshine—it was her *poverty* and her lonely, lowly state, that made her especially the child of His divine pity and tenderness; and they, like the sunbeam, changed to gold her daily care, and smiled through every cloud that crossed her little heart.

Seven years flew by—on butterfly wings to joy and thoughtlessness—on leaden ones to sorrow and 'hope deferred,'—and our little Virginia, now a lovely girl of seventeen, had earned money enough, by her bewitching way of offering matches for sale, to introduce herself as a pupil into one of the first boarding schools of the country, not to commence, but to finish her education; for with a passionate love of books, she had found means to cultivate her tastes and talents in many ways.

The lowly and lonely little orphan had struggled with hunger and cold and fatigue, with temptation in its most alluring and beguiling forms, with evil in a thousand shapes, but she had kept the lovely sunshine of her soul pure and unclouded through it all. She had never taken money as a gift, nor as a bribe. She had assisted from her little store, many a child of misfortune, still humbler and poorer than herself; and with faith, truth and purity—an angel guard around her—by the light of her own innocent smiles, she glided like a star through the gathering clouds, unharmed, unstained, unshadowed. In the words of our beautiful poet,

'Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And honor charmed the air.'

and music—the music of her own sweet heart and silver voice, went always with her through the world.

It was the evening preceding that on which the annual ball of the school took place. The young ladies were discussing round the school-room fire, the dresses they were to wear. Virginia, a little apart, listened to them, and half wished she had a fairy godmother, like Cinderella's, to deck her for the festival. Pearls, diamonds, japonicas! satins, laces, velvets! She, alas! had none of these. She had only the plain white dress in which she had been crowned Queen of May the Spring preceding. It was so very plain, not even a bit of trimming round the neck.

'And what are you to wear, Miss Lindon?' said one of the aristocrats of the school, turning with what she fancied an imperial air, towards the young stranger.

Virginia smiled and said simply,—'My white muslin.'

'And what ornaments?'

Virginia smiled. 'Oh, I can find some bright autumn leaves for a wreath.'

Imogen Grey would have given her diamond necklace for such a blush and smile, for her own sallow cheek was never so illumined; but she sneered, nevertheless, at the white muslin and the garland of leaves, and deigned no further question.

Virginia's delicate and sensitive spirit felt the sneer intensely, and she left the room with a swelling heart and tearful eyes. Once safe, however, in the asylum of her own little chamber, peace descended again like a dove into her soul, and after undressing, she knelt in her night-robe by the side of her bed, and said her prayer, and sung her childish hymn,—

'Of old th' Apostle walked the wave,
As seamen walk the land,
A power was near him strong to save,
For Jesus held his hand.

And why should I fear when danger's near?
I'm safe on sea or land,
For I've in heaven a Father dear,
And he will hold my hand

Though on a dizzy height, perchance,
With faltering feet I stand,
No dread shall dim my upward glance,
For God will hold my hand.

But oh! if doubt should cloud the day,
And sin beside me stand,
Then firmest, lest I lose my way,
My Father, hold my hand!'

Doubt and anger and sin were nearer than she thought, but her little hand was held by One who would not let her fall. As she rose from her devotions, she saw for the first time, a box on a table by the bed. It was addressed on the cover simply to 'Virginia.' She opened it, wondering, and found a set of exquisite pearl ornaments, for the arms and neck and head. Her heart beat with girlish delight. She hurried to the glass, and wound round her hair a chain of snow-gems, less fair and pure than the innocent brow beneath. Next she bared her graceful arm, and clasped a bracelet there. How exquisitely the delicate ornaments became her childish loveliness! She thought she had never looked so pretty—not even when she used to deck her hair with wild flowers by the clear pool in the woods. And she could wear them to the ball! But who could have sent them! Again she looked at the box, and this time she saw a note peeping beneath the cotton wool on which the gems had rested. Virginia's fair cheek flushed as she read,

'Let Innocence and Beauty wear the gift of Love.' HOWARD GREY.

Had the bracelet been a serpent, with its deadly sting in her arm, Virginia could scarcely have unclasped it with more fearful haste. The chain too, was snatched from her head, and both, with the note replaced in the box; and then the fair child threw herself again on her knees, and buried her face in her hands. After a silence of some minutes, broken only by faint sobs, she sung once more in a low tremulous tone, the hymn which seemed to her a talisman, for all evil, and then calmly laying her head on the pillow, and murmuring the name which was music to her soul, sunk into the soft and deep slumber of innocence and youth.

For nearly a year the young libertine, Howard Grey, pursued her with his unhallowed passion, aided, as he vainly imagined, by his costly and tasteful gifts; but there seemed a magic halo around the young Virginia, through which no shadow of evil could penetrate. Besides the native delicacy and purity of her mind, there were two other influences at work in the beautiful web of her destiny, to prevent any coarse or dark thread from mingling in its tissue; one was her spiritual communion with her mother, and the other her affectionate remembrance of Russell Hartly, the only being in whose eyes she had ever read the sympathy for which her lonely and loving heart yearned always.

It was evening again. The young ladies had assembled, dressed for the ball, in the drawing-room—all but Virginia. 'Where is the sweet child?' asked an invalid teacher to whom she had endeared herself by her graceful and affectionate attentions.

'She was so long helping me and sister dress,' said a little shy-looking girl, 'that she has been belated.'

'I will go and assist her myself,' said the principal of the school, pleased with this proof of kind-heartedness on the part of her new pupil.

She softly opened the door of Virginia's room, and almost started at the charming picture which met her eye. Robed in white, with her singularly beautiful hair falling in soft curls around her face, which was lighted up by a smile of almost rapturous hope and joy, the young girl stood in an attitude of enchanting grace, raising both hands to adjust amid the braids behind, a half wreath of glowing and richly tinted autumn leaves.

'Let me arrange it for you my child,' said the lady approaching, and Virginia bent her fair head modestly to her bidding, and then, hand in hand, they descended to the drawing-room. Many of the company had arrived—the doors leading to the ball-room had been thrown open, and Virginia was almost dazzled by the splendor of the scene into which she was thus suddenly ushered. She blushed beneath the eyes that were riveted upon her as she passed.

'An angel!' 'a grace!' 'a muse!' whispered the gentlemen to each other. There was one among them, a noble, chivalric-looking man, who did not speak his admiration. An indefinable something in the heavenly beauty of that face, had touched in his soul a chord, which had not vibrated for many years before. Virginia knew him at once. The rich chesnut curls of the boy of twenty, had now assumed a darker tinge, the eyes a somewhat softer fire, and the youthful and flexible grace had given place to a manly dignity of mien; but there was no mistaking the *soul* in the glance of Russell Hartley.

And Virginia was decidedly the belle of the ball. Gay, but gracefully so, for her sportive mood was softened and restrained by a charming timidity that enhanced her loveliness ten-fold, she looked and moved like one inspired. She had met Hartley's admiring gaze; she was almost sure he would ask an introduction, and she felt as if her feet and heart were suddenly gifted with wings. She floated down the dance like a peri through the air, and then Russell approached and was introduced.

The sunny smile of the little match-girl shone in her eyes as she accepted his arm for a promenade. 'Surely I have seen that look somewhere before!' he exclaimed, half aloud. 'Matches! matches! six for a fip!' murmured Virginia, looking archly up in his face, and the mystery was at once explained.

Imogen Grey's diamond necklace was worthless dross in comparison with the wreath of autumn leaves which Hartley laid beneath his pillow that night, and all her brother's costly offerings could not have purchased the smile which accompanied the gift.

Reader, if you ever go to Kentucky, come to me for a letter of introduction to Mrs. Russell Hartley. She is looked up to, respected and beloved by all the country round, and I am sure you will enjoy her graceful and cordial attention, and the luxuries of her elegant home all the more for remembering that the distinguished and dignified woman to whom you are making your very best bow, was once the little match girl of my story.

'A LITTLE HUNCHBACK.'

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

In the Knickerbocker for April, we find the following affecting incident by the editor from an esteemed correspondent, who transcribed it verbatim from the familiar letter of a friend.

"I have just returned from the funeral of poor Emma G——, a little girl to whom I had been for years most tenderly attached. As there was something very touching in the circumstances connected with her death, I will relate them to you. She was the daughter of a widow, a near neighbor of mine. When I first knew her, she was a sprightly child of about four years of age, perfect in form and feature. The bloom of health was upon her cheek; her eye was the brightest I ever saw; while in her bosom there glowed a generous affection that seemed to embrace all with whom she came in contact. But when she reached her seventh year her health began to decline. The rose suddenly paled upon her cheek, and her eye had acquired prematurely that sad, thoughtful expression which gives so melancholy a charm to the features of wasting beauty. Her mother looked on with an anxious heart, and at an utter loss to account for so sudden a change in her health. But soon a new source of anxiety appeared. While dressing her one day, she observed on Emma's back, just between the shoulders, a small swelling, of about the size of a walnut. As she watched this spot, and observed that it grew larger from day to day, the mother began to have sad misgivings. These, however, she kept to herself for a time. Soon afterwards, a slight stoop in her gait became visible. The family physician was now called in, and the worst forebodings of the mother were confirmed. Her idolized child was fast becoming a hunch-back!

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of the mother, who was thus doomed to witness from day to day the slow growth of that which was to make one so dear to her a cripple and a dwarf. Suffice it to say, her love as well as care seemed to be redoubled, and Emma became more than ever the child of her affections. Nor did her little companions neglect her when she could no longer join in their out-door sports, and her own sprightly step had given place to a slow, stooping gait, and the sweet ringing voice to a sad or querulous tone, that sometimes make the very heart ache. On the contrary, all vied with each other in administering to her amusements. Among them, none clung to her with more assiduity than her brother William, who was the nearest to her own age. He gave up all his own out-door play, in order to be with her, and seemed never so happy as when he could draw a smile, sad though it was, from her thoughtful features.

But after a while Emma grew wayward under her affliction; and unfortunately, though generally good-natured, William had a quick temper, to check which required more self-command than commonly falls to one so young.—Sometimes, therefore, when he found plan after plan, which he had projected for her amusement, rejected with peevish contempt, he could hardly conceal from his own wounded feelings. Yet, though at times ungrateful, Emma was perhaps not so in fact; and she loved her brother better than any one else save her mother. It was only in moments when her too sensitive nature had been chafed perhaps by her own reflections; for like the majority of children in her circumstances, she was thoughtful beyond her years—that her conduct seemed unkind. And then, when she marked the cloudy expression of her brother's face, she would ask forgiveness in so meek a spirit, and kiss his cheek so affectionately, that he forgave her almost as soon as offended.

Years thus passed on, when one day, after she had been more than unusually perverse and fretful, William who had been reading to her, on receiving some slight rebuff, started suddenly from his seat by her side, called her "a *little hunch-back*," and left the room. In a moment, however, his passion subsided, and returning, he found his sister in tears. He attempted to put his arm around her neck, but she repulsed him, and slipping away, retired to her own chamber. Her mother soon after learned what had happened, and going to Emma, found her upon the bed in a paroxysm of grief. She endeavored to soothe her feelings, but in vain; she refused to be comforted. "I want to *die*, mother," she replied to all her endearments; "I have long felt that I was a burden to you all." She cried herself to sleep that night, and on the morrow was too ill to rise. The doctor was called in, and warned the mother against an approaching fever. For three days she remained in an uncertain state; but on the fourth, the fever came in earnest, and thenceforth she was confined to her pillow.

In the mean time the grief of William had been more poignant even than that of his sister. Thrice he had been to her bedside to ask her forgiveness, and kiss once more her pallid cheek; but she turned her face resolutely away, and refused to recognize him. After these repulses he would slowly leave the room, and going to his own chamber, sit brooding for hours over the melancholy consequences of his rashness. Owing to the previous enfeebled health of Emma, the fever made rapid progress, and it soon became apparent that she must die. William, in consequence of the violent aversion of his sister, had latterly been denied admittance to the chamber, though he lingered all day about the door, eagerly catching the least word in regard to her state, and apparently unmindful of all other existence.

One morning there was evidently a crisis approaching; for the mother and attendants, hurrying softly in and out the sufferer's chamber, in quick whispered words gave orders or imparted intelligence to others. William saw it all, and with the quick instinct of affection, seemed to know what it foreboded. Taking his little stool, therefore, he sat down beside the chamber door, and waited in silence. In the meantime, the mother stood over the dying child, watching while a short unquiet slumber held her back for a little longer. Several times a sweet smile trembled round the sufferer's lips, and her arms moved as if pressing something to her bosom. Then she awoke, and fixing her eyes upon her mother, whispered faintly, "I thought William was here." A stifled sob was heard at the door, which stood partly open. Mrs. G—— stepped softly out, and leading William to the bed side, pointed to his dying sister. He three himself upon her bosom, and pressing his lips to her pale cheek, prayed for forgiveness. Emma did not heed him; but looking again in her mother's face, and pointing upward said softly: "I shant be so *there!*—shall I, mother?"

"No, my child!" replied the weeping parent; "I hope not. But don't talk *so*, Emma. Forgive your poor brother, or you'll break his heart."

Emma tried to gasp something; but whatever it was, whether of love or hate, it never reached a mortal ear. In a few moments she was no more."

THE EMIGRANT'S FAMILY.

One of the strongest peculiarities—indeed, I may say *passions*—of the Irish is their devoted fondness for their offspring.

A curious illustration of this occurred to me on my recent journey through the Northern lakes. It happened to be what sailors call very *dirty* weather, finished up by a tremendous gale, which obliged us to seek shelter at a lump of aboriginal bareness, called Maintou Island, where we were obliged to remain for five days. There were a *few* deck passengers—between five and six hundred; and inasmuch as they had only provided themselves with barely sufficient for the average time, provisions became alarmingly scarce, and no possibility of a supply. To be sure there was one venerable ox—a sort of semi-petrification, an organic remnant—a poor, attenuated, hornless, sightless, bovine patriarch, who obligingly yielded up his small residue of existence for our benefit. Indeed, it was quite a mercy that we arrived to relieve him from a painful state of suspense; for so old and powerless was he, that if his last breath had not been extracted, he certainly could not have drawn it by himself.

Well, as you may suppose, there was considerable consternation on board. Short, *very* short allowance was adopted to meet the contingency, and the poor deck passengers had a terrible time of it. Amongst the latter was an Irish emigrant, with his wife and three beautiful children, the eldest about seven years, and all without the smallest subsistence, except what the charity of their fellow passengers could afford them; and as *they* were but scantily supplied, it can readily be imagined how miserably off was this poor family. However, it so happened that the beauty and intelligence of the children attracted the attention of one of our lady passengers, who had them occasionally brought into the cabin and their hunger appeased. Gleesome, bright eyed little creatures they were, scrupulously clean, despite the poverty of their parents, all life and happiness, and in blissful ignorance of the destitution by which they were surrounded.

One day, delighted with her little *proteges*, the lady happened to say, half-jestingly—'I wonder would this poor man part with one of those little darlings? I should like to adopt it.'

'I don't know!' said I: 'suppose we make the inquiry.'

The man was sent for, and the delicate business thus opened:—

'My good friend,' said the lady, 'you are very poor, are you not?'

His answer was peculiarly Irish:—'Poor! me lady,' said he. 'Be the powers of pewther! if there's a poorer man nor meself throughout the wurld, God pity both of uz, for we'd be about aiqual.

'Then you must find it difficult to support your children,' said I, making a long jump towards our object.

'Is it support thim, sir?' he replied. 'Lord bless ye, I niver supported thim—they git supported somehow or another: they've niver bin hungry yit—whin they are it'll be time enough to grumble.'

Irish all over, thought I;—to-day has enough to do, let to-morrow look out for itself.

'Well then,' I resumed, with a determined plunge, 'would it be a relief to you to part from one of them?'

I had mistaken my mode of attack. He stared, turned pale, and, with a wild glare in his eye, literally screamed out—

'A relief! God be good to uz, what d'ye mane! A relief!—would it be a relief d'ye think, to have the hand chopped from me body, or the heart torn out of the breast?

'You don't understand us,' interposed my philanthropic companion. 'Should one be enabled to place your child in ease and comfort, would you interfere with its well doing?'

The tact of woman! She had touched the chord of paternal solicitude;—the poor fellow was silent, twisted his head about, and looked all bewildered. The struggle between a father's love and his child's interest was evident and affecting. At last he said—

'God bless ye, me lady, and all that thinks of the poor! Heaven knows I'd be glad to betther the child, it isn't in regard to meself, but——but hadn't I betther go and spake to Mary; she's the mother of thim, and 'twould be onraisonable to be givin' away her childher afore her face, and she not to know nothin' of the matther.'

'Away with you then,' said I, 'and bring us back word as soon as possible. In about an hour he returned, but with eyes red and swollen and features pale from excitement and agitation.

'Well,' inquired I, 'what success?'

'Beddad 'twas a hard struggle, sir,' said he; 'but it's for the child's good, and Heaven give uz strength to bear it.'

'Very good, and which is it to be?'

'Why, sir, I've bin spakin' to Mary, and she thinks as Norah here is the ouldest, she won't miss the mother so much, and if ye'll jist let her take a partin' kiss, she'd give her to yez wid a blessin'.'

So my poor fellow took his children away, to look at one of them for the last time. It was long ere he returned, but when he did he was leading the second eldest.

'How's this?' said I. 'Have you changed your mind?'

'Not exactly changed me mind, sir,' he replied; 'but I've changed the crather. Ye see, sir, I've been spakin' to Mary, and whin it come to the ind, be goxty! she couldn't part wid Norah, at all at all; they've got used to aich others ways; but here's little Biddy—she's purtier far; if she'll do as well.'

'It's all the same,' said I; 'let Biddy remain.'

'May Heaven be yer guardian!' cried he, snatching her up in his arms, and giving her one long, hearty kiss. 'God be kind to thim that's kind to you, and thim that offers you hurt or harum, may their soul niver see St. Pether!' So the bereaved father rushed away, and all that night the child remained with us; but early the next morning my friend Pat reappeared, and this time he had his youngest child, a mere baby, snugly cuddled up in his arms.

'What's the matter now?' said I.

'Why thin, sir,' said he, with an expression of the most comic anxiety, 'axin yer honor's pardon for bein' so wake-hearted, but whin I begun to think of Biddy's eyes—look at thim they're the image of her mother's bedad—I couldn't let her go; but here's little Paudeen—he won't be much throuble to any one, for if he takes afther his mother, he'll have the brightest eye and the softest heart on the top of creation; and if he takes afther his father, he'll have a purty hard fist an a broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the wurld. Take him, sir, and gi' me Biddy.'

'Just as you like,' said I, having a pretty good guess how matters would eventuate. So he took away his pet Biddy, and handed me the little toddling urchin. This chirping little vagabond won't be long with us thought I. Nor was he. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed ere Pat rushed into the cabin, and seizing little Paudeen up in his arms, he turned to me, and with large tears bubbling in his eyes, cried out:

'Look at him, sir—just look at him!—it's the youngest. Ye wouldn't have the heart to keep him from uz. The long and the short of it is, I've bin spakin' to Mary. Ye see she couldn't part wid Norah, and I didn't like to let Biddy go; but, be me sowl, naither of uz could live a half a day widout little Paudeen. No, sir—no; we can bear the bitterness of poverty, but we can't part from our childher, *unless it's the will of Heaven to take thim from uz!*'

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPOSITORY, 118 Washington street. The subscriber respectfully asks the attention of Clergymen, Superintendents and Teachers, to the Collection of Books for Sabbath School Libraries, which he has for sale.

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Adventures of a Fire Screen,	Northcote's Fables,
Anecdotes of American Indians,	In-Observations on the Bible,
Adventures of Hernan Cortes,	Old Humphrey's Walks in Do Observations,
Do of Daniel Boone,	Do Homely Hints,
Beauties of American History,	Do Thoughts for the Thoughtful,
Boy's and Girl's Magazine, 3 vols,	Present from a Pastor,
Do do Library,	Pic Nic Tales,
Book of Nature Laid Open,	Poor Annie,
Christmas Tales,	Parley's Tales of Adventures,
Child's Own Story Book,	Rambler's Country and City
Conversations on The Parables,	Scenes,
Countries of Europe,	Rainy Day,
Child's Friend, by Mrs Follen,	Somerby Family,
Every Youth's Book,	Sister Fanny,
Farmer's Daughter,	Somerville Hall,
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Do do Boy's,	Spring Flowers,
Great Secret,	Stories on the Lord's Prayer,
Genevieve and Marcelin,	Do for Little Clara,
Happy Changes,	Short Tales,
Huguenots,	School Girl in France,
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Jessie Allen,	Soldier's Daughter,
Krummacher's Parables,	Two Half Dollars,
Little Fret,	Three Baskets,
Little Stories,	Twin Brothers,
Lucy and Arthur,	Tales of the Saxons,
Life of Abner Jones,	Uncle Buncle's Stories,
Love and Money,	Unruly Member,
Little Clara,	Very Little Tales,
My Sunday School Class,	Visit to the Mountains,
Minister's Family,	Willie Rogers,
Michael Kemp,	Wise Boys,
Make the Best of it,	Wise Son,
Mrs Leicester's School,	Woman's Worth,
Moral and Spiritual Culture,	Wit Bought,
Marco Paul's Travels, 6v,	What to do and how to do
No Sense Like Common Sense,	it,
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N. B. Dr. S. deems it necessary to say that he is no travelling dentist, nor ever has been. The impression, however, has been given to the people of some of the adjoining towns, from the fact that a man by the name of Stocking, a young travelling dentist, has represented himself as Dr. Stocking, from Boston, having an office there at 266 Washington street. The reasons which have induced him to thus misrepresent himself, need no comment. It is deemed sufficient to say, that he neither belongs in Boston, or has any connection whatever with my office. o7

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